The Bucks County Gazette.

VOL. XXII. BRISTOL. BUCKS COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1895. NO. 30

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NEW YORK--Arrives at 7.00, 10 40 A. M., 2.20, 6 10 P. M. Closes at 7.00, 8 15, 10.40 A. M., 3.30, 7 00 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA--Arrives at 7.00, 7 45, 10 00 A. M., 1.00, 1.10, 7.20 P. M. Closes at 5 45, 10 00 A. M., 1.40, 3 30, 6 00 P. M.

NEWPORTVILLE--Arrives at 8.00 A. M. and leaves at 8.07 A. M.

EMILIE, OXFORD VALLEY, &c--Arrives at 10.10 A M. Close at 11 45 A. M.

NEWTOWN Stage arrives 11.30 A M, leaves 1.00 P. M.

WESTERN--Arrives at 7 45, 10.00 A. M. Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post Office closes 8.00 P. M Saturday, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

W. H. H. FINE, P. M.

Change of Time.

Commencing Monday, Nov. 19, 1894:

UPPER DELAWARE RIVER TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.

Steamer Columbia leave Mill Street, Bristol for Philadelphia, at 7 15 a. m. Returning, leaves Philadelphia, Chestnut St. wharf, at 2 p. m.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

In effect January 14th, 1895.

Leave Bristol for Phila. (Broad St.), *2.46, 5.35, 6 30, 6.51, 7.21, 7 41, *8.12, 8 28, *9.14, 9 51, *10.26 A. M. 12 05, 12.56, *1.17, *3 08, 3.10, 4 02, 4.55, 5 37, 5 48, 6.25, *7 00, 8.09, 8 30, 9 27, *11 08 P. M.

Sunday trains, *2 46, 7.00, *8.11, 9.00, *10.26 A. M. *12.04, 12 25, 5.00, 5.48, *7.21, 8.00, 8.50, 9 28, *11.08 P. M.

Leave Phila. (Broad St.), for Bristol, 12 01, *3.20, 6 07, 6 28, *6 50, 7 34, *8 14. 8.30, 9.52, *11 14 A. M. 12.01 12.50, 1 50, 2 48, 3.32, *3 52, 4.30, *5.00, 5.02, 6.25, *6 00, 6.02, 6 21, 7.27, 9.17, *10 00, 11.15 P. M.

Sunday trains, 12.01, 7.40, *8 30, 9.05, 11.45 A. M. 2.00, *5 20, 5 53, *6.20, *6.30, 7.27, *8.12, *10 00, 10.25 P. M.

(*) Express trains.

For further particulars apply to the ticket agent at the station.

S. M. PREVOST, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Agent

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—Any person sending to this office the names of two new subscribers, and two dollars, will receive the paper free for one year,—three copies of the paper one year for two dollars.

—The ice in the river is moving quietly down stream.

—County Treasurer H B. Banes has gone to Virginia on a business trip.

—A solid column of ice about 15 feet high protruded from the top of the stand-pipe the other morning.

—The business meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held on next Wednesday afternoon at 3 p. m in the Methodist Church.

—List of letters remaining in Bristol post-office, February 28th, 1895: Ed. Ballaine, McGann & Co., Ernest Trumboldt.

—Dr. John Ward had an attack of vertigo on Radcliffe street this morning, and fell on the pavement several times. He was assisted to his house and given proper medical attention.

—A limited supply of anti-toxine, the new remedy for diphtheria, has been procured by Dr. H Pursell, President of the Board of Health, which will be sold at cost to physicians desiring to use it.

—A humorous lecture entitled "Mind Your Own Business," will be given in the Presbyterian Church on Tuesday evening, March 12th, by Rev. A. W. Spooner, of the First Presbyterian Church of Camden.

—The ferry-boat William E. Doron resumed her trips between Bristol and Burlington to-day. Her first trip for weeks was made yesterday, when she plowed through the ice from Bristol to within 15 feet of her landing at Burlington.

—Messrs. R. A. Thompson & Sons are giving, this week, at their store on the corner of Mill and Cedar streets, a free demonstration of self-raising pancake flour, called Preston's California Flakes, which the people of Bristol are cordially invited to sample.

—The Burlington Gazette says that over fifty people in Burlington are suffering with mild symptoms of gastro enteritis (inflamation of the stomach and bowels) caused by drinking impure water. The Gazette urges the citizens to boil every drop of river water used for drinking purposes.

—Messrs. M. H. Birge & Sons, wall paper manufacturers here, who have been the most formidable competitor of the National Wall Paper Company, sold out to that company on last Monday. The price reported to have been paid is $2,500,000, one-third of which is in cash, the other two in stock.

—If Mr. Winder will keep up to the reputation of his immediate predecessor he will give entire satisfaction to the public. There has not been a single complaint as far as we know against the administration of the present postmaster, Mr. Fine. The courteous treatment extended to all, the careful and prompt distribution and dispatch of the mails, and all other matters that appertain to the conduct of the office have been marked characteristics of the office during his extended term.

—The members of Hermione Division, the military branch of Hermione Lodge, K. of P., met last Thursday evening for the election of officers. William V. Leech was chosen captain; Lewis C. Wettling, first lieutenant; Robert H. Neeley, second lieutenant; F. N. Garwood, Sir Knight Guard; R. T. Fetrow, Sir Knight Herald; Wm. R. Bailey, Secretary; and J. Curtis Howell, treasurer. The Division will probably be instituted by Major Bentley of Corry, some time in April. The contract for uniforms for the members has been made.

—Esquire Edward N. Booz, at the Council Chamber on Tuesday at 10 o'clock a. m., administered the regulation oath to Raymond F. Buseman, the Burgess elect of the borough of Bristol. The Burgess then administered the oath to the newly elected members of Council: B. C. Foster of the First ward: D. W. Willingmyre and W. F. Scull of the Second ward; Samuel Milnor and Mahlon Moss of the Third ward; William Robinson and James McCarry of the Fourth ward. Samuel Scott, member from the First ward, was confined to the house by rheumatism.

The Flag Presentation Entertainment a Grand Success.

One of the grandest and most interesting entertainments that has ever been given in Bristol was held in the Baptist Church on Friday evening of last week, the exercises being attendant upon the presentation of a handsome silk flag and other useful articles, to Fidelity Council, No. 21, Jr. O. U. A. M., by their young lady friends and admirers. Tickets of admission had been previously issued to the contributors and friends of Fidelity Council, and when the time for starting arrived fully 600 people were in the building.

The members of the Council met at their rooms and in a body, 180 strong, marched to the church. They were met at the door by the young lady ushers and escorted to their seats The modest and efficient manner in which the ushers performed their work, won for them well merited praise and commendation from all sides. The church was handsomely decorated and the view of pulpit from the body of the church was extremely beautiful. On the right of the pulpit platform rested the starry banner of American liberty, reclining at an angle of 45 degrees while on the left were placed the other articles: altar, altar-flag, rug, and set of officers' jewels, which were also to be presented.

Upon the platform were seated Rev. E. A. Rook, pastor of the Baptist Church; Rev. E. E. Burriss, of the M. E. Church; both of whom are members of Fidelity Council; Mr. John K. Wildman, President of the Bristol School Board; the committee of young ladies who orginated the idea, and the participants in the entertainment. To the left of the pulpit sat the choir, composed of 18 or 20 ladies, under the leadership of Miss Tillie Brudon. They presented a beautiful sight, and if the eyes of the young men did often turn in that direction—who can blame them?

The exercises started promptly at 8 o'clock. Miss Clara Neisser acted as chairman in a very efficient manner. Her introductory remarks were of a decidedly interesting character and elicited much applause. Following is the programme:

PART I.

1. Song—"My Country, 'Tis of Thee,"—........ Audience
2. Prayer........ Rev. E. A. Rook
3. Introductory Remarks.... Miss C. Neisser
4. Selection—"Let the hills resound,".. Choir
5. Recitation .... Miss Isabella Smith
6. Vocal Solo........ Mrs. Mary Schull
7. Reading........ Mrs. Anna King
8. Violin Solo........ Miss Lizzie Wright
9. Recitation........ Miss Beulah Stradling
10. Vocal Solo........ Miss Larrie Pierson
11. Address........ Mr. John K Wildman

PART II.

12. Selection—"Hail, Smiling Morn!".. Choir
13. Recitation........ Miss Lila Morrison
14. Solo and Chorus—"Our Flag,"...... Miss Dora Weygand and Choir
15. Reading .... Mrs. Anna King
16. Vocal Solo .... Miss Clara Owens
17. Recitation........ Miss Jennie Flowers
18. Selection—"Star Spangled Banner," the .... Choir
19. Presentation of Flag.. Miss Amelia Little
20. Acceptance of Flag.... Rev. E. E. Burriss
21. Selection—"Hurrah for the Flag,".. Choir
22. Reading Treasurer's Report, Miss McCoy
23. Doxology and Benediction.

Although the programme appeared quite lengthy, still the ladies had exercised so much judgment in its composition that in a trifle over two hours it was very nicely carried out. There was not a single disappointment and every part was finely executed and enthusiastically applauded. The singing by the choir was a feature of the occasion. When Miss Little stepped upon the platform to make the presentation address she received a perfect ovation. In a calm and collected manner, and a clear and distinct voice, she delivered a very eloquent speech. She spoke of the work that was being accomplished by the Jr. O. U. A. M., the kind treatment the young ladies had always received from the members of Fidelity Council, and the many courtesies which had been extended to them during its 12 years of existence. She pointed out in a very forcible manner the danger and perils which exist in America to-day, and very ably informed the young men of the duty which confronts them in the present crisis. At the conclusion of her remarks she received another ovation, fully a minute elapsing before order was again restored.

Mr. Burriss accepted the flag in his usual eloquent manner. He is a thorough American and an exceedingly fine speaker. He carried his audience with him throughout his entire address and the enthusiastic manner in which his remarks were received clearly demonstrated the high esteem in which he is held by the people of Bristol, Mr. John K. Wildman's address was also well received, proving conclusively that he has won a warm place in the hearts of his townspeople. Just before the conclusion of the programme an itemized account of all receipts and expenditures was read by a member of the committee. This was a brilliant idea on the part of the ladies, and is conclusive proof that for honesty and uprightness in financial matters, in them, man has a dangerous rival.

The five young ladies to whom the credit belongs for the origination of the idea and the formulation of plans whereby the idea could be successfully carried into execution, are Miss Clara Neisser, Miss Minnie Vandegrift, Miss Beulah Stradling, Miss Minnie Burton, and Miss Anna McCoy. Too much praise can not be bestowed upon these young ladies, and we doubt not that Fidelity Council will in some manner show its appreciation of their commendable work. X. Y. Z.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mr. Philip Halzell and Charles Stackhouse, of Emilie, have gone to Florida on a three weeks' visit.

Vivian Potts, the base ball catcher, has signed to play in New Orleans, and will report for duty March 15th.

Horace G. Booz, who has been paying a visit home for several weeks, returned to Lafayette College last Monday.

Misses Helen Gilkeson, Louise Swain, Ethel Gilkeson, and Messrs. George Hughes and B. F. Gilkeson, Jr., attended the Governor's reception and ball at Harrisburg last Tuesday.

Bristol's New Postmaster.

The Democratic agony is over. The aspirants for the position of Postmaster in Bristol can now chase their thoughts in other directions. Jacob M. Winder has secured the luscious plum that has heretofore been almost within the reach of several other individuals, who were willing to accept the duties and responsibilities of the office in consideration of the emoluments that would accrue therefrom. The President on last Thursday, sent the name of Mr. Winder to the Senate, and on Monday the Senate promptly confirmed the appointment. Nothing further remains for Mr. Winder to do therefore but to file an acceptable bond, receive his commission, and take possession. Mr. Winder is fully capable of conducting the office in a manner satisfactory to the Post-office department and to the public. He has the requisite ability, and is possessed of that qualification so necessary to officials occupying positions that bring them in contact with the general public, viz. affability and good nature.

The Doylestown Democrat last week gave the following brief sketch of his life:

"Mr. Winder was born in Bristol borough on August 28, 1858, in the house on the northeast corner of Radcliffe and Walnut streets, now occupied by David T. Wright. His father, grandfather and three or four generations before them were born in Middletown township, this county, having settled there about 1715. As a boy he worked on three or four different farms in the neighborhood of Bristol, and was also employed for three years on the D. Landreth & Sons seed farm at Bloomsdale near Bristol.

"He was educated in the public schools, after which he attended the private school of Miss Sarah Warner in the Bristol Baptist Church. Mr. Winder also took a course at the Bryant & Stratton Business College, Philadelphia, and has a good business education.

"The greater part of Mr. Winder's life has been spent as a skilled workman in the various mills and factories of Bristol, where he has the reputation of being a hard and honest worker and a first-class mechanic. For seven years he worked in the mill of C. W. & J. Peirce, manufacturers of felt goods. He also worked in the T. B. Harkins iron foundry, but for the past eight years he has been employed in the extensive carmills of Thomas L. Leedom & Co., one of Bristol's leading industries.

"The appointee is a sterling Democrat and last Fall was nominated by the Democratic County Convention for the Assembly from the Lower District. At the November election he was defeated with the rest of the ticket by the Republican landslide.

"Mr. Winder enjoys the respect and confidence of his community in a large degree, as shown on several occasions by his election to minor offices. He represented the Third ward in the Bristol Council in 1883-84; served as Jury Commissioner of Bucks county 1886-87-88; chosen delegate on several occasions to Democratic State Conventions. In 1891 he came within a few votes of being elected Justice of the Peace in the strong Republican borough of Bristol. He is genial, good-natured and popular with all who know him."

Italian Beneficial Club.

Mr. Giovanni Fusco, an intelligent Italian residing on Bath street, some months ago was instrumental in forming a society of his countrymen in Bristol. The object of the association is the mutual improvement of its members, and ultimately to make it a beneficial society. The club now has 63 members, 23 of whom are fully naturalized citizens, and the remainder all have their first papers. An application for a charter made some months ago was recently refused by the Court. This Mr. Fusco deeply regrets. He recognizes the fact that the great mass of the Italians in this neighborhood are wofully ignorant, but claims that they are as good citizens as those of any other nationality, and are entitled to the same rights as are granted to others. The formation of the society, Mr. Fusco claims, was for a legitimate purpose, and is on the same lines as other societies beneficial in character, whose charters have been granted without any objections being raised. Mr. Fusco is a voluble talker, and during his conversation cited many instances of Italians whose names are enshrined in history, and of the notable men of his nationality now living, to show that as a nation they were not to be despised.

Who Will do as Much For Bristol?

This question has been suggested by an item which appeared in the papers about three weeks ago, stating that by the will of Morris L. Fell, late of Philadelphia, the sum of thirty thousand dollars had been bequeathed to Henry Lear and Hugh B. Eastburn in trust for the purpose of establishing a Free Library at Doylestown. Of this fund eight thousand dollars is to be applied to building purposes, the balance of the bequest to be used for the purchase of books and the maintenance of the library. This means practically that the Trustees will be able to purchase at least four thousand books to start their collection and have a balance for investment sufficient to produce an income of nearly or quite nine hundred dollars per annum for additions and for running expenses. This estimate is based upon the Catalogue of the "A. L. A." Library, published by the U. S. Bureau of Education in 1893. Moreover, it has been the experience of other cities and towns, where free libraries have been established, that many liberal additions have been made to the original gifts or bequests, and the writer has faith to believe that the new library at Doylestown will not be an exception to the general rule, and that it will, when fairly started, soon become a useful and popular institution of our beautiful county seat.

Who will do as much for Bristol?

Bristol, 1895. JOHN C. MAULE.

LETTER FROM BERMUDA.

HAMILTON, BERMUDA, Jan. 8, 1895.

I imagine most Americans are like ourselves until we get here and know Bermuda better through her potatoes and onions than in any other way, and have a laudable curiosity to taste these on their native soil and see how they grow. The farming is interesting. To begin with, there are no farms at all as we think of farms. The arable land is found in valleys and pockets between the hills. These are numerous, but mostly small and of very irregular shape. The fields, if I may call them so, that we have seen in cultivation run from half an acre to not over three or four acres, the large ones being few and far between. The soil is dark red brown in color, varied in some localities with blackish and lighter umber brown. It is said to vary in depth from a foot to a foot and a half, and is, I suppose, the vegetable mould and pulverized limestone washed down from the hills. Pick it up and squeeze it, it does not stain and scarcely soils the hands and is so free from clay that it does not stick together even when wet. Drainage is unnecessary. Little pockets that would be frog ponds with us are first-class ground here. Occasionally, where the soil runs up a hill-side, there will be a trench at the high part to catch and turn the water and keep it from washing out the crop, but in most cases there is not even an attempt at surface drainage, so quickly does the rain penetrate the soil that it seems to be about as easy for the drops to go all the way through as to roll over the surface to the lowest point. A very large amount of the planting and farming is done by Portugese, who are quite numerous out in the parishes, and who devote themselves exclusively to agriculture. The land is plowed by horse power, but that is the end of it, all else is by hand. Onion seed comes in bottles, on account of the dampness, and when they sow out a bottle they stick it bottom up in the row to mark how far the seed went. We at first thought that onion planting must be as hilarious an operation as the old-time sheep shearing or barn raising in the United States, and we were relieved to find the true meaning of the bottles. They thin out the rows, transplanting all they pull out, to six inches apart each way. Potatoes are planted in rows, of course, but about eight inches apart. We felt quite mortified at our complete failure to recognize our old friend, the potato, and offered our most humble apologies. The vine seems to be darker and stand more upright than with us. Take it in your hand, and it is the very familiar potato. At a little distance, when first seen, it is an entire stranger. The lillies are planted about the same distance apart as the potatoes and look familiar.

Manure does not seem to play as important a part in farming as with us. They use it, of course, and get it by throwing seaweed into the barn yards to be tramped by the cows and pigs—straw and corn fodder being unknown, and they stimulate their crops with castor pomace and other fertilizers imported from the states. But the soil itself is more fertile than ours. I think I have read somewhere that a limestone soil is easily revivified by the carbonic acid carried in by the rain water. This may partly explain the matter, and I suppose the numerous caves and the honey-combed condition of the island are also explained by the combination of rain water and limestone rock, just as the formation of our own Mammoth Cave is explained. But I will leave these matters to someone who knows more about the subject than I do.

Why Bermuda does not raise many other things is to us an unsolved problem. Strawberries and other small fruits can be grown and have been, but are not now. Oranges were once a staple crop, now they are imported. Coffee of fine quality is not difficult to raise, we are told, but except a few individuals for their own private use, nobody tries it. A ship-load of cantaloupes would mean fabulous wealth put down in New York in March. Grapes would flourish on many a hill-side, but they don't get the chance. Even the cedar trees could be judiciously cut, and made into furniture would command the highest of prices, for a more beautiful color and grain and one more easily polished is hard to find anywhere else in the world. Make it into canes, picture frames, etc., it brings a high price from the pocket of the American tourist. By the way, the tree is not a cedar at all, but juniper, (Juniperus Bermudiensis being its official name.) It is also found in the Bahamas and Jamaica, where it is J. Barbadensis. In appearance it is much like its brother, the cedar. Few would see any difference, and whether it is a cedar or a juniper would be a good subject for a country debating club. In fact I should not have mentioned juniper at all, except that it makes one seem so learned to split hairs and fire off Latin names and tell people that they are all wrong! It is said that boats built of the wood will last forever. The yacht Undine, built of it, is sixty years old, hale and hearty, and the winner of more races than any other boat in the island.

A. WEIR GILKESON.

JANUARY 20th, 1895.

We are home again and I pick up my note book to answer two questions that have been asked by many of our friends. "What communication has Bermuda with the rest of the world?" "What kind of weather did we experience?"

One steamer, the Trinidad, does all the business between the United States and Bermuda, making bi-monthly or tri-monthly trips from New York, according to the season. Two steamers, the Duart Castle and the Laymouth Castle ply monthly between St. Johns, N. B., and the West Indies, touching at Bermuda. Another, the Alpha, runs monthly between Halifax and Jamaica, calling at Bermuda. One little sailing vessel calls three or four times a year from Barbados. These are all the regular vessels that I saw or heard of. Occasionally an "ocean tramp" puts in with a cargo or part of one. The Annandale, a 3000-ton steamer, came in while we were there with a lot of machinery for the dredge Majestic, some powder for the government and a small miscellaneous cargo, and sailing vessels under special charters sometimes come in. Beside these a number

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

of vessels put in in distress during the course of a year, for while Bermuda is not on any direct route, it frequently happens that it is the nearest harbor that vessels running from West Indian or Southern ports to Europe or to the United States can run to in distress. Four steamers and I think five sailing vessels came in in distress during or just after the severe storm that broke over the Eastern United States a day or two after Christmas. Hamilton harbor is quite a marine graveyard. There are a dozen or more hulks scattered around, from a dismasted hull to a half sunken wreck, the remains of distressed sailing vessels that could not be repaired. They are sold and used for storing coal or broken up for firewood.

As to the weather. We were in Bermuda 31 days. Of these 18 were fine, 7 were fine but interspersed with showers, 6 were wet or unsettled. On 14 days no rain at all fell during the twenty-four hours. The greatest amount of rainfall in one day was 0.68 inch, and the total for the entire time was but 2.78 inches.

As to wind. The Bermuda observers do not give the "force" at stated intervals, but the total "horizontal movement of the atmosphere" for twelve hours. This movement was from 100 to 350 miles during 22 days, from 400 to 500 on 3 days, and less than 100 on 6 days. While this is scientifically accurate, it is not fair to Bermuda since the observations are taken on top of one of the highest hills. So that while the record shows a frequent high velocity, it may be to the dwellers in the valleys and the visitors not more than a breeze. Breezy, however, it always was, there being but three days that could be called calm.

As to temperature. It is, as I have said, not summer by any means, but it is balmy, delightful spring. The record shows the following facts—bearing in mind always that the observations are on a hill-top and therefore the visitor will be apt to find it somewhat warmer than the higher figures and not so cool as the lower figures, though the difference, of course, is not so great as in the case of the wind. It must be noted, too, that the observations are made about 9 a. m. and 9 p. m., and the figures given are not the highest and lowest points of self registering thermometers. The "average" daytime temperature was 67.3. The usual temperature, however, which I obtain by leaving out extremes, was 69°. The greatest maximum (warmest day) was 78°. The least maximum, or coolest day, was 61.5°. The highest minimum (probably the warmest night) was 65°, and the least, or probably coolest night, 51.2°. It is not, however, the actual temperature that makes Bermuda attractive or assists her vegetation. The perfection of her climate, unequalled in the world, it is said, is its extreme steadiness. Thus the figures I have given show that the extreme variation from warmest day to coolest night was but 21.8°. The daily variation was, of course, very much less, being between 3 and 7 degrees on 15 days, between 7 and 10 on 8 days, and between 10 and 13 on 8 days, differences that the storm-tanned hides of Americans could scarcely detect unless it rained. A variation of a few degrees in a storm, however, is very evident, especially if there is wind, and I am obliged to confess as the one unpleasant thing of the entire trip, that the four days' pour—December 29th to January 1st, inclusive—were as utterly disagreeable as any experience I ever had. Parts of the two end days were good enough, but the 30th and 31st were simply unspeakable. The highest thermometer on the 30th was 61.5, and on the 31st 65.5. Of course, we had steam heat in the Princess, but steam does not heat up as quickly as sun, though a large open fire in the big drawing room gave us a place to congregate, thaw and growl. Experienced Americans and natives alike united in saying that it was a most unprecedented spell of weather, and not a single Bermudian was uncivil enough to remind us that the blizzard of which it was part, originated in the United States. It was the same storm that made havoc with the orange groves of Florida, and none like it has made Bermuda shiver since the terrible one that wrecked Sir George Somer [illegible] better, finished Shakespeare with the found[illegible] was his "Tempest." Moisture is alway[illegible] the greatest relative humidity was [illegible] and the least 63.2, the usual point [illegible] about 83.

We [illegible] Bermuda on the balmiest and calme[illegible] of our entire trip, amid the protests and good wishes of a number of kind friends who gathered to wish us good-bye. We always tell the names of the flowers and birds that we meet, but it is ordained by society that it is not always proper to give the names of the human birds and flowers that always cheer and delight us. This, however, cannot take away the satisfaction that we get, perhaps it intensifies it, and we want to record as the very pleasantest of all the incidents of our trip that our home friends gave us the honor of having the largest mail in the hotel each time the steamer came in. While our Bermuda friends answered by assembling to see us off in greater number than those of any other passengers. We glided out of the glassy bay and entered the open ocean heaving with a heavy ground swell. Soon we were mounting and gliding down the huge billows that seemed as high as a house and a quarter of mile long—a delightful coasting motion such as makes children shout. Most of the company failed to stand it and soon sought the seclusion that the cabin grants. We, however, were among the fortunate ones, and with the exhilarating rythm of this very poetry of motion we sat in the genial sunlight and watched beautiful Bermuda sink into the sea. A. WEIR GILKESON.

SUCCESSFUL WOMEN DRUMMERS.

Pretty Faces an Advantage.

Many lines of goods offer women a particularly appropriate and attractive field in which to canvass for custom, but they seem to be barred by no conventional fence, and the number is yearly increasing and their success increases with their numbers. One "Knight of the Grip" declared sadly that the "Ladies" had come to stay and narrated his own experience where a girl drummer had started on the road a few days ahead of him and sold to two-thirds of his customers in Ohio cities. He said:—

"At Indianapolis I overtook this paragon of petticoats, cleverness and business tact and made her acquaintance.

"I had not talked with her ten minutes until I acknowledged to myself that she was the cleverest, most diplomatic woman I had ever met, in business or out. Her name was Miss F. Williams, and this was her first trip. She had been out only three weeks and had been wired by her house to await further instructions from them, as she had piled up the orders faster than they could fill them. I told her she had played smash with my trade, and I might have expected the answer she gave me. 'It is the age we live in,' she said. 'Get all you can.' She took twenty thousand dollars right out of my firm's pockets.

"I know a young lady by the name of Lincoln who sells ladies' hats, and so do I when I can keep ahead of her, but let me drop in behind her and it is 'all day' with me, for when she strikes a town she carries away every order in it. But she has the advantage of me, for in selling these goods she will try on every hat among her samples and will place them on her pretty head in such a graceful way that it shows off the beauties of the hats to perfection. Now, I would look pretty trying on ladies' hats, wouldn't I? That's funny, isn't it; a man with a face like mine with red whiskers and red hair, and big ears, as a show figure for ladies' hats!

"There is one young women, Nettie Furgeson, who travels for one of the largest dry goods houses in Cincinnati. She is of Irish parentage, and has the beautiful complexion which we so often find among the Irish-American girls. Her figure is simply perfection and all of the made-up garments among her samples are made to her form so that they fit like the paper on the wall, and when she once dons them she shows them to the best advantage, and she seldom fails to get an order. She has had many offers of marriage from some of her best customers, but she is content on her salary of $3000 per year.

Several women have been driven to the business through force of circumstances. Tom Hunting is one of the best known traveling men in Ohio. He knew every shoe dealer throughout the Western and Central States. He was alway entertained during his sojourn by one of his customers. This was the case one trip, when he was taken very ill. The customer with whom he was stopping was a friend of long standing, and when Tom learned that he could not proceed on his trip, wished to be taken to his hotel, but his friend objected, and Tom was persuaded to remain as a guest, but he fumed and fretted so over not being able to continue on his trip that it worried his friend a great deal.

"He had a daughter who was well educated, but owing to business adversities had gone into the store to help her father. One morning she suggested that she take Tom's samples and go to the next town and see what she could do. Of course, objections were raised, but she finally obtained permission. Well, she started, but did not stop at that town, but went on and on, finishing up the entire route, and she fairly set the house crazy with orders. Every man on the line took his credit limit and she sold more goods than a fakir at a country fair. Tom was a confirmed old bachelor and had never thought of marriage, but this opened his eyes as to the true worth of women, and before he knew it he was head over heels in love with the fair drummeress and some time afterward they were married. Tom is now a large stockholder in the firm, but always speaks with pride of the little woman who so bravely helped him out when he couldn't help himself."

One of our most successful "woman drummers" is Mrs. Marie Atwood, of Mount Vernon, N. Y. She for a long time solicited orders for corsets from door to door. Her success was beyond the comprehension of the firm employing her, and last September they offered her $4000 and expenses per year if she would go on the road for them as a wholesale representative. She told me that she actually surprised herself when, on her first trip through Massachusetts and Connecticut, she began to pile up immense orders.

Another well known woman drummer is Mrs. K. B. Henry. Her husband formerly traveled for an underwear house. He died leaving her with a large family to support, and it occurred to her that she might take up her husband's business. She accordingly went to the firm and asked for the position. They demurred at first, fearing to trust a woman to handle this line of goods, but finally, through sympathy and a desire to assist the wife of one who had so long and faithfully served them, they consented to give her a trial. Her success was striking. Each mail brought fresh evidence of it, and the result is she is now a confidential member of the firm, and she only assumes the role of "drummer" when she feels like it. She makes sales the quickest and gets out of town the liveliest of any woman ever heard of. Once while in Chicago she had but eight minutes to catch her train. She put on her traveling gown, paid her bill, telephoned for a carriage and drove to the depot six blocks away. She checked her baggage in the meantime, paid excess baggage and caught her train.

One of the brightest lady drummers is Miss Sophia Lanscomb, of Philadelphia. She almost monopolizes the trade of her territory in fruit extracts, flavorings and spices and her trade is enormous. She touches nothing but the large cities east of the Mississippi, and she visits the towns of this section seven or eight times a year. She said last week that for three years past she had spent on an average of not more than two weeks at home during the year. Her house allows her ample money for expenses, and she has the best of everything. She is only 24 years old and receives a salary of $8000 a year and expenses.

Among the commercial travelers going out of New York is Miss Virginia Poole, a capable, business-like drummer. She handles nothing but perfumes, and her sales more than satisfy the house that employs her.

Mrs. Vocke, of New York, sells coffin trimmings for one of the large Connecticut silver manufactories. Her success has been truly wonderful, the house oftentimes having to call her in once or twice a year owing to their inability to fill her orders promptly.

One woman sells coffins, and one of her "knight" rivals says she sells so many that the undertakers have to make kindling wood of them to get their stock reduced.

A Chicago girl, Miss Darby, sells nothing but needles. Another, Miss Dinsmore, sells spool cotton with flattering success.

Boston also furnishes its quota of petticoated drummers, and they, with due dignity, "get there" with the rest. One, Bettie Folsom, as she is known among the fraternity, travels for a large wholesale dry goods house, and her trade is worth over a hundred thousand a year to her firm. She carries eight large trunks and draws a salary of several thousand per year. She is not pretty, but she has the dogged determination which wins every time.

Miss Laura Lee, of New York, travels for a California silk hose house, and does a big business; much better than men in the same profession. She supports a large family of relatives and lays aside a few hundred ducats each year for the inevitable "rainy day."

—The GAZETTE is for sale at Jones' News Agency, next to the post-office.

—The GAZETTE has a fine line of samples of ball programmes, tickets, etc. Call and get suited.

—Miss Sallie Hibbs will remove her millinery establishment next week, from its present location to Mrs. Randall's, No. 526 Bath street.

—Mrs. Cleveland has joined the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Miss Willard and a few of her devoted friends, who were in Washington attending the National Council of Women, had the honor of initiating the mistress of the White House into the mysteries of that order last week. The ceremony was simple and brief. Mrs. Cleveland signed the constitution, and then Miss Willard kissed her and pinned a badge of snow white ribbon upon her breast. Then the ladies present shook hands all around.

OLD POINT COMFORT.

Delightful Personally-Conducted Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.

No other resort of the Upper South can compare with Old Point Comfort in attractiveness. Apart from its historical surroundings and the fact of its being a Government post, the situation of the place, with its magnificent ocean front and elegantly-planned drives, would commend it to the public as a most delightful place to spend a few days vacation.

The next tour will leave New York and Philadelphia by special train on Thursday, March 7, and tickets will be good for return passage on special train leaving Old Point Comfort on the following Saturday. The rates, including transportation and meals en route in each direction, as well as hotel accommodations at Hygeia Hotel, Old Point Comfort, will be $15.50 from New York and $12.50 from Philadelphia; proportionate rates from other points. Tickets, including one day's board at the Hygeia Hotel, and good to return via Washington and Richmond within ten days, can also be purchased at same rates.

For further information apply to Ticket Agents, or address Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York, or Room 411, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, to whom application for space should also be made.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the Fall and Winter trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bough from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

Representative Wanted

In each locality to hand my fine samples to friends or acquaintances. Paying work. Not peddling. Send 10 cts. to Albert F. Wood, Perfumer, Wood. av., Detroit, Mich., for 5 trial bottles Satin-Scent Natural Flower perfumes, and receive special offer to you.

Bicycle for Sale.

I have for sale a Ladies' Victoria, pneumatic tire, in fine condition. Original price, $150. Will sell now for $50. This is a splendid chance to get a first-class wheel at a bargain. G. SCHIESSER, JR., 217 Jefferson Avenue.

—In addition to the time tables of all Railways the Rand-McNally Railway Guide gives a list of Electric Railways, a Gazetteer of all important towns in the United States, Canada and Mexico, and much other information of interest to travelers, shippers and the public at large.

—It seems hardly possible, but nevertheless it is true, that on an average every fifty-fifth person you meet wears W. L. Douglas Shoes. Did you ever realize what an immense undertaking it is to supply one article of wearing apparel to over one million people?

Tourist.—I am going to travel; have you a handy reference-book of any kind?

Dealer.—I should say yes; here is the latest Rand-McNally Railway Guide—precisely what you need. It is pre-eminently the best. (Sells one).

Wanted.

Every smoker to send us seven two-cent stamps to help pay postage, packing, etc., and we will mail box of Non-Nicotine Midget Cigars. Only one box to one address. Address, Landis & Co., Shippensburg, Penn'a.

Dr. J. D. Thomas, 212 Walnut Street Philadelphia.

Makes a specialty of using nitrous oxide gas for the painless extraction of teeth. He has now reached the large number of 196,500 people to whom he has administered it.

Salesmen Wanted

To sell Non-Nicotine Midget Cigars. Samples free. Salary or commission. Good side line. Address, Landis & Co., Shippensburg, Penn'a.

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THE OLD RELIABLE
SWEET CAPORAL
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The American Constitution, the American Idea, the American Spirit. These first, last, and all the time, forever!

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JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1895.

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

PHILADELPHIA, February 28, 1895.—Few people realize what wonderful development has been made in the passenger railway business. Those who reside at a distance from their places of business know that they are carried to and from their houses rapidly and comfortably by the electric railways. They do not stop to consider what a vast improvement the present system is over the old horse-car roads, or if they do they do not comprehend what the improvements have cost. The street railway system of Philadelphia is probably unexcelled by any other city in the country. It lacks only one good feature which is found in some other cities, namely, a single point to which all lines converge. In Cleveland, Ohio, the railways all center at the public square; in Boston many of them have a common center; and in New York the lines necessarily come together toward the lower end of Manhattan island; but the streets of Philadelphia are generally laid out at right angles, and so the street railways generally parallel each other or cross at right angles, which often necessitates transfers from one car to another.

The amount of capital invested in street railways in this city is over $60,000,000. This includes both capital stock and bonds, and the total is nearly equal to one-half of the capital stock of the Pennsylvania railroad. It is one-half more than the capital stock of either the Reading or the Lehigh Valley roads. The capital stock in this estimate is considered at its par value, but some of it has a market value four times the par value. There are four big systems of railway in the city. The greatest of them is the Philadelphia Traction Company, which is controled by P. A. B. Widener and Wm. L. Elkins. This company has now outstanding $15,000,000 of capital stock, and it has power to increase this to a total of $30,000,000. This spring $5,000,000 of fresh stock will probably be issued. The capital stock of its leased lines is $8,300,000, and the bonds of these lines amount to $3,440,000, making a total capital of $26,740,000, upon which this company earns and pays interest and dividends. With the fresh capital yet to be obtained the company intends to convert the Market street, Seventh and Ninth streets, and Columbia avenue cable roads into trolley lines. This company operates 180 miles of railway, which is equivalent in length to a double track road between here and Jersey City.

The second system in importance is that of the People's Traction Company, which has a capital of $5,000,000. Its trust certificates, bonds and stock of leased lines swell the amount of capital invested to $16,333,000. The length of its lines is 78 miles. It has called upon its shareholders for more money, and will extend its trolley system. John Lowber Welsh, a receiver of the Reading railroad, and well-known in financial affairs, is interested in this company.

The third operating company is the Electric Traction, representing a bonded and stock investment of $18,580,000. It operates 120 miles of road and a system of transfers by which passengers for one fare (five cents) may pass from any line of this company to an intersecting line of the People's Company, practically making one system of the two roads, so far as the public is concerned. The combined mileage of the Peoples' and Electric Traction Companies is 198 miles, giving strong competition to the Philadelphia Traction Company.

The fourth system is known as the Hestonville. It operates 24 miles of railway and has an invested capital, including $1,250,000 of bonds, of $3,749,000.

***

Considering the power of these companies it is not strange that they exert an influence over Councilmen. They have not only plenty of money, but it is within their power to give employment to hundreds of constituents of Councilmen who hound them to find for them places where they can earn a living. There has been rivalry between the companies to see which could furnish the best road and equipment. The public has now splendid steel rail tracks and comfortable cars, some of which are heated. The rivalry, too, has extended the length of ride for one fare, and otherwise greatly benefited the public. F. D. M.

A TIMELY WARNING.

Governor Hastings' timely warning to the Legislature to keep the expenses of the State within its income will be appreciated by every tax-payer. The tendency to create new offices to make places for friends needs to be curbed, and if the power is improperly exercised the Governor's veto may be relied upon to stop it. The deplorable condition of the Federal treasury is a warning to every State to look closely after its finances and not plunge into debt.

Philadelphia Free Library.

Not the least interesting of the various public observances of Washington's birthday was the formal opening of the Free Library of Philadelphia at its new quarters, 1217 Chestnut street. During the day donations were received, in books and cash, amounting to more than $2000, and in the evening a large audience of invited guests listened to interesting addresses by Ainsworth R. Spofford, Librarian of Congress; Gov. Hastings, State Senator Penrose, President Roberts of the Pennsylvania railroad, Speaker Walton of the State House of Representatives, and President Hartman of Common Council.

There is now pending in the State Senate a bill authorising the councils of cities and boroughs to levy and collect a tax and appropriate money for the support of free libraries, which, if it become a law, will be a means of placing Pennsylvania in line with Massachusetts, New York and other States, in this important branch of public education.

An exhibition of rare, curious and fine book-bindings will be opened at the Free Library under the auspices of the Philobiblon Club, about the 4th of next month, which will repay an examination by those interested in such matters. J.

—At the GAZETTE job office a large stock of envelopes, cards, bill heads, statements, are kept on hand and everything in the printing line executed without unnecessary delay.

HARRISBURG LETTER.

(Special Correspondence.)

HARRISBURG, Feb. 26.—This will be an eventful week at the state capitol. The legislature reconvened this evening after a ten days' recess and will remain in session until Friday noon. The house will begin tomorrow to hold two sessions a day. Governor Hastings is expected to send to the senate during the week a number of important nominations. At the close of the session of the senate on Wednesday a testimonial in the shape of a magnificent solid silver service, valued at $1,000, will be presented to ex-Lieutenant Governor Watres, of Scranton, by his colleagues during the four years he served as its presiding officer. The presentation speech will be made by Senator McCarrell, of this city. Beginning tomorrow the house committee on ways and means will give hearings on the new revenue bill formulated by the state tax conference.

The bill providing for the publication of 25,000 copies of the famous "Bird Book" will be signed tomorrow by the presiding officers of the house and senate and then messaged to the governor for his action. A similar bill was vetoed two years ago by Governor Pattison on the ground that the book was unnecessary and should not be printed at the expense of the state. The committee to investigate the state institutions under the Focht resolution to ascertain how many of their inmates are aliens will also be announced during the week. The gossip at the capital is that a resolution will be offered in the senate tomorrow by Senator Kennedy, of Allegheny, or some other friend of Senator Quay for a committee to investigate the municipal affairs of Philadelphia.

Governor Hastings' Three Vetoes.

Governor Hastings set a wholesome example for the legislature during the recess by vetoing three bills, two of which created additional law judges, one in Washington and the other in Westmoreland county. The third bill to fall under the governor's veto ax relates to certain decrees of the registers of wills and of courts on appeal from the decrees of registers. The effect of this bill, if permitted to become a law, would be to make the decree of the register refusing to admit a will to probate final and conclusive upon all parties claiming under the will if unappealed from, and if appeal is taken from such decree, then the decree of the orphans' court is made final and conclusive. As to the other bills the governor says to allow them to become laws would in effect be permitting special legislation and render nugatory the mandate of the constitution regarding apportionment. He is satisfied, though, that the legislature will fairly consider and relieve the special needs of all the judicial districts.

The final reception of the season will be given tomorrow evening at the executive mansion by Governor and Mrs. Hastings. It will be the most brilliant ever seen at the state capital, and will be attended by many of the most distinguished personages in Pennsylvania.

A bill introduced in the house by Mr. Crothers, of Philadelphia, exempts leased sewing machines from levy and sale for arrears of rent. Another introduced by Mr. Harvey, of Luzerne, reduces the profits of pawnbrokers fully one-half. It limits the charge for interest on money advanced to 6 per cent. per annum, and for the storage of goods to 2 per cent. per month, which would make a net maximum charge of 2½ per cent. per month, instead of 5 and 6 per cent., as is now charged. Another bill pending in the house makes it unlawful for anybody to exhibit in public any human being afflicted with physical or mental deformity.

There are many important bills on the senate and house calendars relating to the educational interests of the commonwealth that will be considered during the week. Some are well advanced and are likely to reach the governor before the close of the month. Other bills of this character are under consideration by committee and will be disposed of during the week. In the senate a bill has passed finally requiring school directors and controllers to purchase out of the state appropriation American flags to be displayed on the school houses in their respective districts. The senate killed the bill increasing the minimum school term from six to seven months. The Farr compulsory education bill is on the calendar in the house for second reading and will be considered tomorrow unless the chairman of the education committee allows it to go over.

The Douthett School Book Bill.

The Douthett bill, providing for the purchase of books at publishers' prices, was read the first time in the house this evening. The school authorities of the state are earnestly opposed to the bill, and declare that if it becomes a law it will increase instead of diminish the price of books. They contend this is the case in Ohio, where such a law is in operation, and that books were never cheaper in Pennsylvania than under the present system. Six bills prescribing various methods of distributing the school appropriation are slumbering in the house committee on education.

The soldiers' orphans school commission is overwhelmed with applications for admission to the schools at Harford, Chester Springs and Uniontown. The schools are already overcrowded and the commission has on file over 300 applications, all of which have been investigated and found deserving. There will be no further admissions, unless the applicants are absolutely destitute, before the opening of the industrial school of Scotland.

During the recess the special committee appointed to investigate the management of the state hospitals for the insane at Norristown and Wernersville have been at work in Norristown. Thus far the committee has only examined the general account books of the institution, the payroll sheets and the time books of the various foremen. The committee will be at Norristown again on March 4 and resume the investigation with unabated vigor. Senator Gobin was very emphatic in denouncing the method of keeping the books.

Trustee Stinson, Boss Carpenter George Hall and Foreman of Laborers Charles H. West were examined. Chairman Gobin fired volleys of questions at the witnesses, but at times the assembled committeemen and trustees replied before those interrogated could get a chance to reply. Chairman Gobin held his witnesses down to the details of the system of bookkeeping and marking time. Several minor faults were disclosed.

The expenditure of special moneys was explained favorably to the management. One deal, the story of which does not appear on the books of the hospital, was the purchase of a farm of Susan W. Yerkes, which is now embraced within the hospital enclosures. The trustees in 1887 obtained an option to purchase the farm within five years. It was purchased in 1891. The consideration in the agreement was $3,500, and in the title $3,0.0 was given as the consideration money. Judge Stinson explained the difference by stating that $400 was expended for rental of the farm, which during the continuance of the agreement was in the trustee's care, and the incidental fee in recording. For convenience the entire cost of acquiring the farm was set down as consideration money.

"Account Books Not Comprehensive."

All of the trustees were present except Dr. Thomas, of Quakertown. Treasurer of the Board of Trustees Bradley was represented by his private secretary, W. T. Wilson. The treasurer's account book showed the receipt of $484.50 of the unexpended appropriations for 1891, remitted to Treasurer Bradley by Trustee Stinson and the subsequent return of the money to the state treasury. In the language of Senator Gobin "the account books at the hospital were not comprehensive enough for the subject."

The examination of Boss Carpenter Hall and Foreman of Laborers West was confined to selecting names at random from the payrolls and having the witnesses read from their time books the hours of employment made by these selections. In two or three cases it was found that some men were credited with more than there are working days in the month. One man was credited with thirty-four and one-half days and another with thirty-six days in the month of December, 1891. In defense it was stated that the workmen probably were employed overtime. Senator Meredith tallied the times as given by the witnesses for comparison with the tally sheets.

Today the committee went to the Wernersville state hospital to look further into the charge of alleged cruelty to the several persons returned to Norristown. Its labors there will be concluded in one day.

Senator Penrose spent Saturday at Washington in consultation with United States Senator Quay. In political circles it is believed that upon the result of the visit hangs the fate of the proposed legislative investigation into the workings of the Bullitt bill so far as Philadelphia is concerned.

The admittedly strained relations between Colonel Quay and his erstwhile faithful lieutenant, David Martin, have not been forgotten amid the jubilation incident to the announcement of 60,000 majority for Warwick, in Philadelphia, and all the politicians are anxiously waiting to see what will be the next move on the part of the Quay forces. The fact that the ardent followers of Senator Penrose turned in manfully for the Republican ticket does not mean that they have forgiven the men who so ruthlessly nipped Penrose's mayoralty aspirations. They are waiting to hear from Magistrate Durham, their acknowledged leader, and they admit that they are ready and willing to engage in a battle for supremacy in the party organization, but at the same time say that the battle must be fought within the party lines.

Opposing the County of Quay.

The members of the board of trade of Wilkesbarre held a meeting Saturday to complete plans for fighting the proposed division of Luzerne county to form the county of Quay, and it was decided to send a large delegation of citizens to this city next Wednesday to appear before the house committee on new counties.

There was a general discussion on the arguments on the county division. One of the chief is the fact that of the 7,000 taxables in Hazle only about 700 are owners of property, and in Foster only about 450 out of 2,400. The lands in both townships are held principally for mining purposes, and are otherwise valueless. The assessment of all the lands in Hazle is considerably short of $1,000,000, and $875,000 of this is returned against the owners of the minerals. The other ownerships are simply workingmen's homes, some 600 odd in number, covering all told only about 175 acres of the 30,000 in the township, and their aggregate taxable valuation barely reaches $80,000, an average of about $115 to each stockholder.

In Foster the situation is similar. The mineral interests own the great bulk of the lands, with scattered holdings about collieries for the unpretentious dwellings of the miners and laborers. The exact figures for 1894 are: Taxables, 2,340; real estate owners, 463: occupations, only 1,877; exonerations, 1,158. The resident property holders in these two townships only number about one-tenth of the whole number of taxables, the other nine-tenths being assessed on occupations only. This shifts the burden of maintaining the new county almost exclusively upon property holders.

The voters in these two townships, Hazle and Foster, outnumber the combined voting strength in all the agricultural township within the new county district, both east and west of the Susquehanna, counting all the way round from the farther end of Buck to the remotest corners of Fairmount and Lake. And under the bill as passed the senate they are empowered to reach out and take into Hazle any or all of these townships.

Protesting Property Owners.

The residents and property owners there are practically remedyless if the bill becomes a law. This is the ground of opposition by the protesting property owners, who seek help from Wilkesbarre and the rest of the country generally in saving them from the disasters which the new county prospect entails.

As a business operation the retention of this section is a matter of prudence and economy. The townships east of the Susquehanna, which the new countyites allege is all they have their eyes on, turn into the county treasury about $35,000 in taxes. They draw out about $25,000 in costs of assessments, elections, jury and court expenses, etc., so that their staying in Luzerne county gives $10,000 a year to the good on the financial side. And their retention will be a great saving to them over the cost of a separate county management.

There are eight counties in the state of about the same population as the new county will be. Their county expenses run from $50,000 to $124,000, and the average of the whole eight is over $76,000 a year, and for no better service, conveniences and management than this new county district now gets for about $35,000. These are the main arguments that will be made, and the board of trade hopes to succeed in beating Kline and his Quay county supporters. A delegation of over 200 is expected here tomorrow. W.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm,

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

The Ways and Means Committee.

We suppose there is one in every household. If not, appoint one at once and investigate the gold embossed wall papers that are being sold by the Fidelity Wall Paper Co., of 12 N. 11th St., Phila., at 12 and 15c.

Wanamaker's.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, February 25, 1895

In the Silk Store

Each day new patterns, new weaves, new beauties—just as flowers burst into view over night in a June garden.

All the Silk world sends them. You can stand under the clear soft light of the Transept and tell what the Silk weavers of Lyons and of Zurich—of the Orient and of America are turning out better than if you were alongside their looms.

Some of the latest comers:

India Silks at 65c.

Suited to a hundred Silk uses—for wear, for decoration. 36 in. wide.

3 pinks	3 blues
3 reds	2 old rose
2 golden	1 green
1 nile green	

Taffeta Plaid Silks at $1.25.

For Blouses. Inch square shaded checks, four combinations. Swiss.

French Novelty Silks, $2.

A web of black on grounds of

corn	hyacinth
old gold	rose
eminence	pale blue

Irregular lines and dots

Shadow Taffeta at $1.35.

A triumph of warp printing—and of loom work. Many color effects.

Diagonal Taffetas at $1.25.

Wavy stripes with dots between,

Wanamaker's.

Barre Taffeta at $1.35.

Shadow printed warp. Black satin stripes ¾ inch apart. Beige, green, blue.

Fancy Gros d' Suez at $1.

A play of hair line figures on a close sieve of golden threads.

Pekin Satin at $1.35.

On gros grain, ½ inch stripes.
black and yellow
black and pink
black and blue

Spring Cotton Stuffs

After each other sharp—the manufacturers on both sides the ocean. Past triumphs are but steps to new achievements. They are pushing Cotton Dress Stuffs into fields of beauty and richness heretofore undreamed of.

Best of everybody's best is at our command—at yours. And prices are down as much as styles are up.

At 10c the yard.
Black ground Sateens, chintz colored figures, every pattern new for 1895. Last season's price, 12½c.

At 10c the yard.
American Dimities, stripes and figures of the daintiest colorings. Look very much like the foreign at 25c.

At 12½c the yard.
American Zephyr Ginghams, almost as fine as a madras; checks, stripes and plain colors.

At 15c the yard.
Cotton Crepes, plain and satin stripes, made to look like the Wool Crepes at $2.

At 16c the yard.
Fancy woven Cotton Duck for outing dresses; new cloth for 1895.

At 18c the yard.
Rag-Bag Crepe, all cotton, and just from the looms; color tints as perfect as in Silk Crepe d'Chine.

At 18c the yard.
American Madras, for dresses and shirting, plaids, stripes and delicate colorings. More than 30 styles

At 20c the yard.
Scotch Ginghams, made by one of the best mills in Glasgow. Mostly stripes in fancy corded effects. First time this quality was imported to sell at less than 25c.

At 25c the yard.
Scotch and American Ginghams. Almost every color known in Gingham land is worked out in these goods.

At 25c the yard.
Japonette, a real cotton novelty without the high cost.

At 30c the yard.
Oxford Cheviots and Novelty Ginghams, from Whytlaws. Every yard is fresh from the steamer; new patterns,

At 35c the yard.
David and John Anderson Ginghams, fine weaves and silky finish.

At 37½c the yard.
French Organdies, rich designs, color tints like natural flowers.

At 45c the yard.
Scotch Gauze Madras, cool and lovely for the hot days of July and August.

At 50c the yard.
Silk Ginghams, plaids, stripes, dots and self color figures. The cream of American productions.

Dress Plaids

Take thirty of the new styles—such a thirty as could never before have been grouped anywhere. Bright colors, quiet colors—just the sorts women are wanting for waists.

15 styles at 50c.
The recent 75c grade.

15 styles at $1.
The recent $1.25 grade.

Other prices between. It took a long look ahead to have Plaids plenty now.

Dress Goods Checks

Checks are more popular than for many years; else there wouldn't be more than one hundred styles of them here. From home makers, from foreign makers—from anyone anywhere who led in novelty or neatness.

All-wool Checks.
50c, 75c, $1, $1.25.

Silk-and-Wool Checks.
75c, $1, $1.25, $1.50.

Pluette

Makers insist that nothing but artificial heat will destroy the rain-proofness of this cloth. Water-proof Serges are becoming more and more favorites for dresses. Go riding, or rowing, go traveling or tramping—no call to [illegible] for a splash of water or [illegible] of rain so far as the dress [illegible]. And there's nothing [illegible] the stuff to hint to the casual eye that it is peculiar in anyway. Navy blue and black; 56 in.

$1.25 the yard.

Crepe Brilliants

Near enough like the Crepes to be in that swim. But with a beauty of their own. No other weave seems to get so much of brilliancy from the same colors—just as a diamond flashes bright with the right cutting. Sixty styles, all silk mixed,

75c, $1, $1.25.

Men's Winter Shoes

At mid-Summer prices—sometimes at a great deal less. This was the yesterday word—just as true to-day,

at $3.90 the pair.
Every Winter Russet
Every Winter Black Grain
Every Winter Calfskin
Every Winter Corksole

that has been at $5 or above is swept into the lot. At the regular prices they were the bulgingest big value to be found anywhere, and here are $2 to $5 struck from each price by a pencil mark!

And still months of mud and slush and rain to come.

All the popular toe shapes, and a fit for any foot somewhere in the assortment.

Another lot starts lower and comes closer. Men's Calfskin Shoes. All with welted soles.

Congress Shoes, 4 to 10½.
Laced Shoes, 4 to 7½.

Half a dozen shapes of toes.

No better Shoes can be made for wear, no matter what the price. Have been $3 and $3.50,

now $1.50 the pair.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Miscellaneous

G. Schiesser, Jr.,
217 Jefferson Ave.,
Bristol,

Has taken the agency for the celebrated

Rambler Bicycles.

There has been more records broken both by Professionals and Amateurs on this wheel than any other two wheels put together. Not only on paper, but in reality. Come and see the '95 model—it speaks for itself. If you want an easy-going, speedy and comfortable wheel, try the RAMBLER—it can't be beat. They are all fitted with the celebrated J. & J. tire. I can give you any weight from 14¾ to 34½ lbs. Also your choice of handle-bars, seat and pedals. I have three models of Ladies' wheels from 20 to 27 lbs. The Ladies model "E" is a beauty, weighing but 20 lbs. I also handle the STORMER, WAVERLY, BEN HUR, etc. Almost any wheel you wish. Prices ranging from $15 to $100. Bargains in second-hand wheels.

A full line of Sundries constantly on hand at
G. W. BOOTH'S SHOE STORE,
No. 321 Dorrance Street.

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EXECUTOR'S SALE
—OF—
Valuable Real Estate.

The following Real Estate, situate in the Borough of Bristol, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, will be sold by the undersigned Executors, on the respective premises, on

Saturday, the 16th Day of March, A. D., 1895,

Commencing at 2 o'clock, on Premises No. 1.

No. 1. That certain store property and lot of land situate on the westerly corner of Washington and Wood streets, containing about 30 feet in front on Washington street, and extending back along Wood street 83 feet, with privilege of alley in the rear. The improvements consist of a two-and-a-half story frame house and store, main house 27x25 feet one-story extension in front, 10x25 feet, kitchen 8x21 feet, and enclosed shed 6x20 feet, containing 2 rooms and large store room on first floor, 3 rooms on second floor, and large garret. Water in kitchen. This is an old established store and a first-class stand.

No. 2. That certain dwelling house and lot of land situate on the south-easterly side of Wood street, No. 726, between Dorrance and Washington streets, adjoining lands of M. A. Wright and other land of the estate of James Brudon, deceased, containing 14 feet in front and 80 feet in depth. The improvements consist of a three-story Mansard roof frame dwelling house, 14x30 feet, with enclosed kitchen 10x10 feet, containing 2 rooms on first floor, 2 rooms on second floor, and 2 rooms on third floor. Privilege of alleys at side and rear. Good well of water on premises.

No. 3. That certain dwelling house and lot of land situate No. 608 on the south-easterly side of Pond street, adjoining lands of Albert Loechner and J. T. DeWitt, containing in front 18 feet and in depth 105 feet. The improvements consist of a dwelling house two-and-a-half stories high, 14x28 feet, one-story kitchen, 9x14 feet, and enclosed shed, 7x14 feet, containing 3 rooms on first floor, 2 rooms on second floor, and 1 room on third floor.

These properties are all in first-rate repair, in good condition and in all respects desirable. Will positively be sold to the highest and best bidders. Conditions made known on day of sale by

EDWARD C. BRUDON,
CHARLES F. BRUDON,
Executors of James Brudon, Deceased.

E. N. Booz, Auctioneer.

☞15 Shares of Bristol Water Company Stock will be sold on Premises No. 1 immediately after the sale of that property.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of WILLIAM E. JEFFRIES, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same will present them without delay, in proper order for settlement, to

PHŒBE JEFFRIES,
Executrix.

GILKESON & WRIGHT,
Attorneys.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of THOMAS B. DOUGLASS, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks county, Pa.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them in proper order for settlement, without delay, to

SERRILL DOUGLASS,
Administrator.

Or, MERSHON BROS.,
Attorneys, 1416 Chestnut St., Phila.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of ALBERT BAKER, late of Bristol borough, Bucks County, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate settlement, and all persons having legal claims against the said estate are requested to present the same in proper form, without delay, for settlement, to

M. KATE BAKER,
Administratrix.

Or
GILKESON & WRIGHT,
Attorneys.

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in this and adjoining Counties for
Our Journey Around the World.

A brand new book by Rev. Francis E. Clark, Pres't of the United Soc. of Christian Endeavor. The best chance to make money ever offered to all who want profitable work. A good Agent in this vicinity can earn $100 a month. ☞Distance no hindrance, for we Pay Freight, Give Credit, Premium Copies, Free Outfit, and Exclusive Territory. For particulars, write to
A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn

GERMEA For Breakfast prepared from California White Wheat. Delicious, Economical. Grocers sell it. The John T. Cutting Co., 136 Duane St., N. Y.

Miscellaneous

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE
Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.

At Bristol, in the State of Pennsylvania at the close of business, October 2d, 1894.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	$498,864 65
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	40,000 00
U S Bonds on hand	6,100 00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	787 50
Stocks, securities, etc	55,648 53
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures	9,500 00
Due from National Banks (not Reserve Agents)	2,367 79
Due from approved reserve agents	55,338 09
Checks and other cash items	2,114 86
Notes of other National Banks	291 00
Nickels and cents	98 04
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK VIZ:	
Specie $30,240 00	
Legal tender notes 28,760 00	65,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, (5 per cent. of circulation)	1,800 00
TOTAL	$715,803 36

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$92 220 00
Surplus fund	120,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	15,776 36
National Bank notes outstanding	31,680 00
Due to other National Banks	6,362 24
Due to State Bank and bankers	478 90
Dividends unpaid	250 80
Individual deposits subject to check	449,034 86
TOTAL	$715,803 36

State of Penna., County of Bucks, ss
I, Charles E. Scott, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly affirm that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

Subscribed and affirmed to before me this 5th day of October, 1894.

W. H. BOOZ, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest:
BENJ. J. TAYLOR,
L. A. HOGUET,
EDWARD SWAIN,
} Directors

Eclectic Magazine
—OF—
Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

"THE LITERATURE OF THE WORLD."

1895.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE reproduces from foreign periodicals all those articles which are valuable to American readers. Its field of selection embraces all the leading Foreign Reviews, Magazines, and Journals, and the tastes of all classes of intelligent readers are consulted in the articles presented. Articles from

The Ablest Writers of the World

will be found in its pages.

The following are the names of a few of the authors whose articles may be expected to appear in the pages of the ECLECTIC for the coming year.

AUTHORS:

Rt Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Cardinal Manning, Herbert Spencer, Prof Huxley, Prof. Vambrey, J. Norman Lockyer, F.R.S., Sir John Lubbock, George J. Romanes, Prof. A. H. Sayce, Prof. Max Muller, Prof. Owen, Edward A. Freeman, D C.L., Leslie Stephens, Thomas Hughes, Algernon Chas. Swinburne, William Black, Count Lyof Tolstoi, R. D. Blackmore, Andrew Lang, Thomas Hardy, Robert Buchanan, W. H. Mallock, Prof Ernst Haeckel, Henry Taine, Prof. J. R. Seeley, James Hutton, Frederick Harrison, Mrs. Oliphant, Karl Blind, Emilio Castelar, &c, &c.

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H. VANTINE,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
Morrisville, Pa.

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Established 1797. Published every evening. New York's oldest evening newspaper. Subscription price, $6.00 per year.

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Published every morning. The leading Republican newspaper of the day. Clean and fearless. Subscription price, $3.00 per year.

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New York's most popular Sunday newspaper. The only Republican 2-cent Sunday paper in the United States. 20 to 36 pages. Subscription price, $1.00 per year.

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Samples free. Agents wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions.

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29 Park Row, New York.

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With that irritating, hacking Cough when a dose of

Stretch's Balsam

will stop it at once and prevent its progress; relieves the distress of all Colds and cuts them short. For the sudden, dangerous Croup it is infallible. 25 and 50 cent bottles at the Drug Store.

Dr. C. E. King,
DENTIST,
202 Mill Street, Bristol,
(Over Pursell's Drug Store.)

Miscellaneous

Miscellaneous

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Advertising Cards
Billheads and Badges
Cards
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Komic Kuts
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You will find us
Zealous to please.

—Call at—
THE GAZETTE OFFICE,
Radcliffe and Walnut Streets,
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Ely's Cream Balm For CATARRH
THE POSITIVE CURE.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.

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We impart a thorough knowledge of the COMMERCIAL STUDIES at the cost of less time and money than other schools. THOUSANDS owe their success in life (so they say) to the training they received here. We made BREAD-WINNERS of them. We want you to know us; write and we will tell you all about this LIVE SCHOOL. N. B. We assist graduates to positions. PALMS BUSINESS COLLEGE, 1708-1710 Chestnut St., PHILA.

Thompson's Best Flour.
——Finest Minnesota Patent.

Thompson's Pure Flavoring Extracts.
——Full Strength, Delicacy of Flavor.

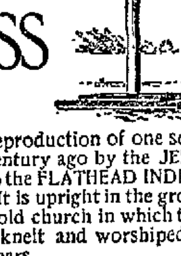
Thompson's Baking Powder
Equals the BEST IN THE MARKET.

R. A. THOMPSON & SONS

Dr. C. H. DILTS,
—DENTIST,—
Has removed to—
221 E. State St., TRENTON, N J.

Will be at his former office
326 Mill St., BRISTOL, PA.,
Every MONDAY and SATURDAY

THIS CROSS



Is the exact reproduction of one set up nearly a half century ago by the JESUIT Missionaries to the FLATHEAD INDIANS in Montana. It is upright in the ground in front of an old church in which these Indians have knelt and worshiped for Lo, all these years.

The history of this old Indian Mission of ST. IGNATIUS is very interesting. Send CHAS. S. FEE, Gen. Pass. Agent, Northern Pacific R. R., at St. Paul, Minn., six cents in postage and your address and he will send you a beautiful booklet, with colored illustrations, telling all about this and other old Indian Missions in Montana and Idaho.

W. L. DOUGLAS
$3 SHOE IS THE BEST. FIT FOR A KING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4.$3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMENS. EXTRA FINE.
$2.$1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
LADIES.
$3.$2.50 $2.$1.75 BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.
W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

Over One Million People wear the
W. L. Douglas $3 & $4 Shoes
All our shoes are equally satisfactory

They give the best value for the money. They equal custom shoes in style and fit. Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed. The prices are uniform,—stamped on sole. From $1 to $3 saved over other makes. If your dealer cannot supply you we can. Sold by dealers everywhere. Wanted, agent to take exclusive sale for this vicinity. Write at once.

Charles B. Keen & Co.
STOCK BROKERS,
36 S. Third St., PHILADELPHIA
Established in 1852. Stocks and Bonds, bought, sold and carried on margin.

Refer by permission to
J. H. Michener, Pres Band of North America
C. H. Banes, Pres, Market St. National Bank
H. M. Deehert, Pres, Commonwealth Trust Co.

Special Xmas Offer
Plants in Bloom.

Geraniums,	10c each
Hyacinths,	15c each
Heliothrope,	15c each
Carnations,	20 to 35c each
Rose Bushes,	25c each

Palms and Rubber Plants, 75c and up

CUT FLOWERS.

Single and Double Violets. Carnations, Hyacinths and Roses in Varieties.

Designs of Immortells for the cemetery, Mistleto, Holly and Laurel Wreathing and Crosses, etc., etc.

Churches will receive a special discount. Large stock of Xmas trees, all sizes. Fern dishes filled. Beautiful Jardineirs and Plants for same. My show of Roses and Carnations is well worth seeing.

J. T. DeWITT,
POND STREET.
Above Walnut

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED. My Tubular Cushions help when all else fails, as glasses help eyes. Whispers heard. No pain. Invisible. F. Hiscox, 853 B'way New York, sole depot. Send for book and proofs FREE.

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THE TIMES is the most extensively circulated and widely read newspaper published in Pennsylvania. Its discussion of public men and public measures is in the interest of public integrity, honest government and prosperous industry, and it knows no party or personal allegiance in treating public issues. In the broadest and best sense a family and general newspaper.

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WE LEAD THE LEADERS.
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BRISTOL, PA.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1895.

TELEPATHY CASES.

THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE CONSIDERED WITH TWO ILLUSTRATIONS.

A Woman Who Was Forewarned of Danger to Her Sister and to Her Father. What the Wise Man Says About Premonitions.

Perhaps you don't believe in thought transference, and perhaps you do. A woman who doesn't know whether or not she believes in it does know that she was terribly frightened twice in her life when there was no apparent reason why she should have been—that is, in advance of her actual knowledge of trouble or danger. She declares that these are the only incidents of the kind in her life, and she further declares—this for the benefit of psychologists—that she cannot recall that she ever had any other premonitions, true or false.

A man who pretends to know something about mental manifestations says that this is an extremely important point, for he says that most mothers have 40 premonitions an evening when they are away from home that something terrible is happening to somebody somewhere. According to this wise man, a mother goes to the theater leaving her beloved 6-year-old peacefully sleeping in his bed. She has premonitions that he has fallen out of bed and broken his neck; that he has been abducted; that he has been burned up; that he has coughed himself to death, and that escaping gas has asphyxiated him. She has an appalling premonition every 15 minutes. When she goes home, she enters the child's room in a breathless suspense. If the boy is sleeping soundly, as is the case 99 times out of 100, she does not give a single thought to any one of her horrifying premonitions.

But if, the wise man declares, she comes home on the hundredth time and finds that her adored son has awakened in the night and asked for a drink of water because he could think of nothing else to ask for, or he has had an uneasy dream because he was allowed to have pudding with his dinner, she clasps him in her arms and declares that she had a premonition at the very moment he awakened, tortured with his feverish thirst, or at the exact instant the nightmare assaulted him.

The woman who had the two dreadful premonitions, or whatever you please to call them, is positive, however, as has been pointed out before, that these two are the sum total of her premonitions, and she hopes that they will remain so, and if any one could be so stupid as to doubt the veracity or the memory of a woman, why, then it need only be said that this woman is the daughter of a famous bishop, so that point is settled once and forever. But now for the premonitions.

She had been down town and was riding home in a car when her mind was oppressed with a sense of some harm coming to her little sister. She grew extremely nervous, and her suffering became so keen that the other passengers in the car noticed her distraction and endeavored to soothe her. Finally her agitation became so terrifying that she repeatedly moaned her sister's name, falling eventually into such a condition of collapse that when the car reached her home she could barely stagger to the house. At the door she was met by a servant, who was palefaced and sobbing.

"Oh," cried the sister, "how is"—

"It's terrible, terrible," sobbed the maid, "but she is alive!" and rushing into the house the woman found her little sister lying on a couch with a white face, wet, streaming hair and almost lifeless. She had just been rescued from drowning in a shocking way, having fallen into a cistern, and having been taken out with the greatest difficulty.

The period covering the child's fall into the cistern, her struggles there and her rescue in an unconscious condition corresponded with her sister's attack of nervous frenzy, overpowering depression and succeeding collapse. The periods, so far as could be judged, were also coincident in duration.

To the wise man this seemed a clear case of telepathy, with no confusing associations and no deceptive circumstances.

The other instance was similar, though in this case the mental impressions were not so vivid. But, on the other hand, the inducing cause was not so serious, though the sympathetic brain was undoubtedly of more powerful influence, being that of the bishop.

Again, the woman was in a street car, on her way to a church, where her father was taking part in some service, when she was startled with a sense of impending danger to him. The oppression of the previous experience was repeated, and this was followed by an extreme eagerness to reach him. When the car carried her to the church, she jumped to the street, hurried into the basement and was running through several rooms which were between her and the room where she knew her father should be when she met a young woman

"How is my father?" cried the bishop's daughter, but she did not wait for an answer, running on to the rear room. Here she found her father. He had fainted, and having partly recovered was being removed from the room to his carriage.

Two interesting features of this case were brought out by questions of the wise man. The bishop was not subject to fainting attacks—in fact, his daughter did not believe that he had ever before fainted—and he had scarcely been ill a day in his life, so that there was no reason founded on association or habitual dread why the daughter should have been struck with fear for her father.

These are the simple statements of the cases, given here as they were given by the bishop's daughter, for what they are worth to those who are interested in psychological discussion and research.—New York Tribune.

African Mahogany.

It seems likely that one of the most important benefits to civilization of Stanley's African expedition will be the introduction of African mahogany to western commerce. There is even now a flourishing trade in this wood, which is sold more cheaply in the United States than it formerly was in Liverpool. Central America, Brazil and the West Indies have hitherto contributed the world's chief supply of mahogany. It was one of Sir Walter Raleigh's discoveries, and it first began to be used in making furniture toward the close of the seventeenth century.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

War's Devices.

General (when bullet proof uniforms become common)—What have you learned?

Aid de camp—Victory will soon perch upon our banners. We have filled the enemy's clothes so full of lead that they can't move another step without undressing.—London Tit-Bits

Oscar Is So Modest.

When Oscar Wilde was asked if he is nervous on the night he is presenting a new play for the first time, he answered: "No! I am exquisitely indifferent. My nervousness ends at the last dress rehearsal. I know then what effect my play, as presented upon the stage, has produced upon me. My interest in the play ends there, and I feel curiously envious of the public—they have such wonderful fresh emotions in store for them."

Lucifer matches were patented in 1834, while friction matches preceded them by 18 years. The improved machinery by which matches are now made by the million at a trifling cost were the inventions of comparatively recent years.

A suit of chain mail, such as was used about the time of William the Conqueror, often cost $1,000.

FORTUNES ON THE PACIFIC.

Luck Has Had Much to Do With Building Many of Them.

It has been asserted that all the millions taken from the lower levels of the Comstock are due to a blast fired without orders in the Crown Point mine, and I know of at least three fortunes of over $1,000,000 each accrued to the owners of mining shares which they vainly sought to dispose of at beggarly figures on the very eve of developments multiplying their values by hundreds and thousands. Very many real estate owners in San Francisco are in affluence today because they could not sell their holdings during the great depression caused by the discovery of gold on Fraser river, and a large hotel in the city occupies a block of land which the keeper of an eating house reluctantly took for a board bill of $90, 35 years ago.

A very prominent mining stock operator, now deceased, admitted that a mistake in a telegraphic cipher dispatch from Virginia City to his broker in San Francisco saved him from bankruptcy at a critical time. Had he sold the stock short, as he intended, ruin would have resulted, but the broker bought instead, and a profit of $250,000 followed. Another well known San Francisco stock operator, who enjoys the rental of a substanial building on Montgomery street, might relate a somewhat similar personal experience were he so disposed.

A gopher hole led to the discovery of the valuable deposits on Shaw's flat, in Tuolumne county, and in falling over a cliff a drunken Swede brought to light one of the richest quartz veins in Amador county.

In the summer of 1852, in defiance of the advice and jeers of their neighbors, a party of inexperienced miners flumed a riffle of the North Yuba, where the shore bedrock was bare, and there was no indication of gravel in the channel, and indeed no gravel of consequence was found in the bed of the stream after the water had been diverted from it, but the bare crevices were studded with nuggets from 1 to 20 ounces in weight. There was not less than half a bushel of them, and many old residents of San Francisco will recall the exhibition of them for a few days in a Montgomery street window.—Overland Monthly.

BOOKWORMS HAVE PREFERENCES.

They Prefer an Ancient Tome to a Modern Newspaper.

The human bookworm drinks from the fount of knowledge springing from brains of different authors, according to individual taste, but the insect bookworm bores and eats its way through the covers and leaves of books according to its discriminating taste. It prefers old books having paper leaves and leather bindings, peculiar to the earlier ages. One volume, printed in 1726 (an edition of the Psalms of David) evidently is the sweetest morsel to this worm, as its destructive work is more visible than in three other books, bearing the dates of 1740, 1750 and 1827. The leather and pasteboard coverings are riddled through and through with tiny holes. The leaves are so closely eaten down that but few whole pages remain. Some of the leaves look as if they were cut with a sharp instrument. Even the flaxen threads that hold the leaves together were nibbled at.

To demonstrate the fact of its special love for aged books an experiment was made with several pieces of newspaper, which were cut the size of the pages of the book upon which the bookworm was working and placed in it alternately. In a few days, when the book was opened, in every instance the little destroyer had crawled past the newspaper sheets and made its meal upon the timeworn pages of the book. So it would seem the bookworm is extremely particular about the kinds of paper it diets upon.

The bookworm works systematically. Having made its entrance through the leather binding of a book by boring a tiny hole from the outside, it makes paths over the inside upon the pasteboard by burrowing. These roads are perfectly connected and uniform in width, for it lies in each one as it bores. Oftimes it cuts a path back to where it first entered, thus making a double route. When it reaches the leaves, it works more leisurely, leaving the traces of its work behind it, with the crumbs of its meals. Its life at longest is but a few months.—Boston Traveller.

African Races.

In an article on "African Races," in The American Journal of Folklore, Hall Chatelain says:

"As distinct branches of science ethnology and anthropology are barely out of their teens. In our own generation has the African continent, in its most populous and characteristic part, been explored and roughly mapped out. Many important tribes and languages we do not yet know, and even in the case of the best known tribes the information we possess is rarely of a scientific character. No one should suppose that ethnology, which must be preceded by geography and philology, has mastered the subject of African races and tribes, or even come thoroughly to understand a few tribes. Governments have been breaking down the barriers; explorers and missionaries are preparing the ground. Now is the time for ethnologists to collect and collate facts. As to final conclusions, these must be left to future generations. The vastness of the theme and the limitation of the space forbid detailed reference to particular tribes and compel us to limit our attention to the races of Africa."

An Innocent Bridelet.

If girls will marry, they should have their eyes opened beforehand and know something about what is coming. There is no more fruitful source of wedded unhappiness than ignorance. Take the care of the household. The girls get married without knowing the first thing about those duties. It was a typical and sweet bridelet who presided over the dinner table at which her husband and herself sat. He remarked that the tomatoes were nice and asked if they were canned. She didn't know, but rang the bell, and when the maid came she said, "Mary, are these canned tomatoes?" Mary said they were, and her husband declared they were as nice as any he had ever eaten, wasn't it wonderful, etc. The bridelet thought awhile, and then, with her wise little head on one side, remarked, "Upon my word, George, I don't see why they grow any vegetables any more, because the canned ones are really just as good!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Durability of Chalk Marks.

About five years ago an article appeared in one of the city papers stating that when the old city bell was taken down to be replaced by the new one chalk writing was found, plainly written 13 years before by a young engineer. In the year 1822 the bridge over the Big Gunpowder falls, at Ridgely's iron works, about 14 miles from Baltimore, was constructed by Robert Burr, considered at that time a famous architect and engineer of New Jersey. When the bridge was erected, several persons wrote their names thereon with chalk, and they can easily be read at this day, and the date, July 4, 1822.—Philadelphia North American.

When We Feel Small.

"There are times," said the man with the oratorical manner, "when we are overwhelmed with humiliation at the powerlessness of the human mind."

"That's very true," was the reply. "I am often made to feel so."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. I have a 4-year-old daughter who asks questions."—Pick Me Up.

An Appropriate Name.

Jack—Those Chicago fellows have named their club the "Alpine."

Sam—What's that for? They have no mountains in Chicago.

Jack—Perhaps not. But their club rooms are on the top floor of one of those skyscraper buildings, and the elevator doesn't run after midnight.—Detroit Free Press.

FRONTIER CAVALRY DRILL

Teaching the Recruits How to Cut Off the Heads of Foemen.

There is one drill practice by a cavalry troop at several frontier posts which is not only useful and instructive, but also decidedly interesting to witness. Out on the prairie have been erected numerous posts the height of an ordinary man from his feet to his shoulders. A number of large leathern balls, the size of a man's head and filled with straw, are placed on the posts before drill commences. Now the troopers are hauled up in line, and each individual is set to work cutting off the various leathern heads from the posts. When a man's turn comes, he draws his saber, the command is given, and away he goes at a mad dash down upon the enemy, cutting off the first head with a down stroke, the next one with a back sweep, and the third is slashed on the crown or decapitated in some way

Of course it is ridiculous to see the recruits first practice these maneuvers, but the rawboned fellow becomes an expert after awhile, and his laugh is turned on others who succeed him as the butt of ridicule. The drill also includes firing blank charges with a revolver at the heads, the sharp concussion of the explosion generally blowing the leather heads off if the aim chances to be a good one.

The bump of fun is an exceedingly large one in the average soldier of the line. Young men in the prime of manhood, of fine physique and generally perfect in every way look on the term of enlistment as a sort of task and propose to get as much amusement and fun out of the five years as possible. Their devices and tricks for getting out of drill and other duties are of various descriptions. Whisky is the soldier's weakness. Should a post be 1,000 miles from civilization and stringent orders be in force forbidding liquor on the reservation, with every possible means taken to prevent its introduction and use, still the average soldier will in some way or other have his toddy in spite of every obstacle. He's bound to get it in some way. The greatest trial of the officer of the day is to keep whisky away from the prisoners and out of the guardhouse, but it is impossible of accomplishment, for they certainly get it in some manner and whenever they want it. Whisky has been discovered being smuggled inside of loaves of bread when food was brought to the prisoners. A sentry might fill the barrel of his musket with liquor and walk his post smelling awfully like rum, but never be found out. Prisoners returning from work under charge of the guard, carrying stable brooms over their shoulders, have had a flask or two concealed in the bulky part of the broom and yet escaped discovery.—New York Tribune.

Journalistic Spiders.

In Russia the correspondents of our English daily papers sometimes have a hard time of it. Not very long ago the police made a discovery of some nihilistic plot in an out of the way corner of St. Petersburg, and the special correspondent of The Standard came to hear of it. Off he went at once in search of the house. He found it without much difficulty, and a police officer was in possession. "Can I come in?" he asked. "Certainly," said the officer. And the correspondent entered. Having taken a good view of the surroundings, he turned to go, but the officer barred the way. "You cannot pass, sir," he said. "But you yourself said I might come in." "Quite so," responded the policeman grimly. "Anybody who likes can come in, but they are immediately arrested."

In vain the journalist explained that he had important engagements elsewhere. There he was, and there he had to stop. Then he went to the window and looked out with a malicious gleam in his eye. Presently he saw a sight which filled him with joy. Strolling down the street was Mr. Dobson, the correspondent of The Times. The imprisoned one hailed him. "Hello! Where are you going?" he shouted. "Trying to find the nihilist place." "Oh, this is it!" "Really? Can I come up?" "Yes, any one can come up." And Mr. Dobson came. He took a critical survey of the room, made his notes, and then, turning to his friend, he suggested that they should go. Failing to get an answer and somewhat bewildered, he made for the door, and there the police officer enlightened him. The two correspondents spent the afternoon inviting other flies into the spider's web.—London Dispatch.

The Ballet Girl's Big Toe.

A man will watch a performer in a novelty dance and allow his applause to be guided by the things that he had for supper or the previous condition of his liver. He forgets or does not think that the performer before him has practiced three hours a day for ten years perhaps, and means to go on doing the same thing as long as she remains before the people in a professional capacity. It never occurs to him, unless he be of the thoughtful, investigating kind, that the girl who smiles and dances back of the footlights may have a great toe that is twice the size it ought to be. The work used to be a source of pain to her, but that time has passed, and now a callous lump deadens the hurt that came every time she placed the weight of her body upon that usually unruly and weak part of her anatomy.—Philadelphia Times.

The Coming Heroine.

Mr. Jinks—I wish you wouldn't allow our daughter to read those sentimental novels.

Mrs. Jinks—She isn't reading a sentimental novel. The heroine doesn't marry for love.

"Well, the modern society novel in which the heroine marries for money is just as bad."

"She isn't reading a society novel."

"Then what is it?"

"It's an advanced novel."

"What's that?"

The heroine marries for a political pull."—New York Weekly

Damage by Lightning Increased.

Damage by lightning is unmistakably increasing, according to the director of the statistical office of Berlin. Various causes are assigned, such as the employment of electricity in various industries, the continual change of form of the earth's surface by deforestation, drainage, etc., and the impurities introduced into the atmosphere by the growing consumption of coal. Professor von Begold some time ago showed that for Bavaria the fires due to lightning increased from a yearly average of 82 in 1833 to 1848 to 132 in 1880 to 1882, while the number of persons struck by lightning and of those killed rose from 134 and 73, respectively, in 1855 to 186 and 161 in 1885. An interesting fact noted is that persons struck generally perceive neither lightning nor thunder, but receive the impression of being enveloped by fire.—Boston Transcript.

Tongs.

Tongs were said to have been invented in China B. C. 1122, but representations of them have been found on the Egyptian monuments B. C. 2200. In India they are claimed as in use since B. C. 900, and their principal employment in that country, where fires during the most of the year are superfluous, was to facilitate the handling of dead bodies in the funeral pyres. Seventy pairs of tongs, some bronze, some iron, have been taken from the ruins of Pompeii.

Increased Value.

Maurice Thomson tells of a certain buyer of sheep who went into the mountains of eastern Kentucky, where the following dramatic incident took place between him and a grim mountaineer who had one ewe for sale:

Buyer—That ewe is worth about 75 cents.

Mountaineer—Hit air wo'th jest a dollar 'n er half.

Buyer—You are joking. The old thing is lean and—

Mountaineer (drawing a huge pistol and cocking it)—Stranger, w'at did ye say 'at that air ewe was wo'th?

Buyer (briskly)—Nigh on to $7 is what I said.—San Francisco Argonaut.

AN ELIZABETHAN BALLAD.

Dildido, dildido,
O love, O love,
I feel thy rage rumble below and above!

In summer time I see a face,
Trop belle pour moi, helas, helas!
Like to a stoned horse was her pace.
Was ever a young man so dismayed?
Her eyes, like wax torches, did make me afraid!
Trop belle pour moi, voila trepas

Thy beauty, my love, exceedeth supposes;
Thy hair is a nettle for the nicest roses.
Mon dieu, aide moi!
That I with the primrose of my fresh wit
May stumble her tyranny under my feet.
He donc je serai un jeune roi!
Trop belle pour moi, helas, helas!
Trop belle pour moi, voila mon trepas.

—Extract From the Works of Robert Greene 1560-92

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

How He Appeared on the Eve of Sailing For Samoa.

Mr. Stevenson, when I first saw him in his room in the Occidental hotel in San Francisco, was sitting up in bed, not rightly able to speak for the cold that oppressed him, haggard from the illness that was sapping him, thin, pale and wan. The first sight was something more than a man with the blankets and counterpanes hunched up about him. It was an impression of flowing black hair, keen eyes and a wonderful interlacing of taper fingers. At this time he was so hoarse that his voice had none of the charm which was really one of the most marked attributes of the man.

More pleasant days and strength growing in the nervous hope that the South sea might indeed yield him what was nowhere else for him on earth gave chances to hear that voice as it really was—gentle, deep, sympathetic. But those fingers—long, sinewy, sinuous, never resting, but rubbing each the other as if there were a mania of the nerves in their tips! Those who have never seen Stevenson's hand may form some idea of the fingers from the so called "watermelon seed" picture, in which one of the forefingers, resting against the face, seems to reach up into the hair.

At this first meeting he seemed eager for all that might be told of the mysteries of the South sea. He asked about the voyages of the old voyagers, he sought to know what were the traders of today, and this in one breath. Again he caught at the name of "Bully" Hayes, the last pirate of the Pacific, and lumped with him the mystery of "La Perouse." Names of islands and of groups were, of course, all new to him, and he asked again and again where they lay and how they were pronounced. But in everything he was, more than anything else, wistful to hear of the unmixed islanders—what was their life and what sort of people they might be.

At odd times Mrs. Stevenson would come in and caution him not to use his voice so much. Then he would settle himself back upon the pillows and say, "Tell me something that takes a long time telling." It took time, this first telling of the South sea, for which he was every moment more strongly making up his mind—the session was no short one. And this first was followed by others, in which he showed the same zest to learn every fact attainable concerning the island realm that lay in the great ocean on whose verge he was.—William Churchill in McClure's.

TEN YEARS OF REBUFF.

Anthony Hope's Bitter Experience Before Success Came.

Anthony Hope wrote for ten long discouraging years before the slightest recognition of his work came to cheer him. He worked with passionate enthusiasm all the week and, as a great lark, Sunday afternoon had tea with his quiet English sisters, consuming toasted muffins and the mildest type of rectory gossip. Thus he lived and toiled, and not until "The Prisoner of Zenda" made its author famous did he ever attend the most innocuous form of literary gatherings.

When the "Dolly Dialogues" had gone into many editions and was the talk of the town, an admirer, acquainted with Mr. Hope's anomalous inexperience, arranged that he should meet a very vivacious elegante, as nearly like Lady Dolly as London society could afford. It was very funny to see the diffident Mr. Hope, his face wreathed in bashful smiles, drinking in the lady's gay chatter and evidently in an ecstasy of pleasure. It was having his characters vivified with life before his eyes.

The novelist is a tall, slender man, whose shoulders are slightly stooped, his head decidedly bald and manners reserved, yet delightful, by reason of the profound deference he pays to the opinions and remarks of other people.—Boston Traveller.

John James Ingalls.

When John James Ingalls was in the senate, he was as exclusive as Conkling. After he became vice president pro tempore he was dignity and equity incarnate in the chair, but proud as Lucifer and willing to associate with nobody but himself. His dignity was always marred, however, at lunchtime. With demeanor of kaiser or emperor he descended the marble staircase, entered the restaurant, turned to the right and stood like a soldier at "attention" before the oyster counter.

The stalwart negro shucker would immediately set aside all other orders and proceed to shuck the biggest of the big select oysters, and Ingalls would bow politely as though saluting the waiter as he inclined forward to take each oyster from the fork, and then, with a movement quick as it was ungainly, he would throw back his head and gulp the bivalve, on each occasion making a swishing sound like the drawing of a hoof from the mud. At such times Mr. Ingalls was neither eloquent nor elegant. Many a time half a dozen strangers, recognizing the brilliant political iconoclast, would stop and stare at him as he went through the motions described before the oyster counter.—New York Advertiser.

Behind the Times.

To understand the action of the police authorities of the ancient city of Cracow, in Austrian Poland, in stipulating, when granting a license to a theatrical company, that none of the actors should appear in the uniform of the imperial army when performing Shakespeare's plays, it must be remembered that as recently as 100 years ago Julius Cæsar used to be represented on the English stage garbed in the uniform of an eighteenth century general and with a full bottomed wig, while Cleopatra appeared with the patches, crinoline and towering powdered coiffure affected by our great-grandmothers in their youth. Cracow is merely a little behind the times, that's all.—New York Tribune.

A Brilliant Idea.

Clerk—Mr. Muldoon, we have an order for hard wood kindlings, but the hard wood is all gone.

Mr. Muldoon (dealer)—Sind 'em saft wood.

"They will notice the difference, because soft wood burns too fast."

"Be jabers, that's so. Wet it."—New York Weekly.

Rocking cradles for babies were used by the Egyptians many centuries before Christ. Among the pictures copied by Belzoni is one of an Egyptian mother at work with her foot on the cradle.

The reformers of the English church in 1549 struck out nearly a hundred holidays, leaving only such as in their time were dear to the popular heart.

A sweat cloth, used by ancient wrestlers and other athletes to wipe off the perspiration, cost 1 cent.

Angry Faces.

Japanese unused to visitors from the western world speak of their "angry faces" because they do not smile. Japanese children have been known to run shrieking from an American or English lady, frightened by what seem to them her huge size, fierce face, staring blue eyes and white, uncanny skin.

MUNYON'S BEST DEEDS

Stories That Well-Known People Like to Recall.

The Learned Professor a True Philanthropist—His Humane Methods Praised Everywhere.

Charles J. Much, of No. 99 South Division street, Buffalo, says: "For the past 20 years," said he, "I have suffered terribly from dyspepsia. I could not eat scarcely anything, and at times was unable to even retain water on my stomach. When I ate, the food seemed to lie in my stomach with a hot, burning sensation. There was a pain on my right side that caused me intense agony. Usually within four to six hours after eating I vomited my food, when then pain in my side would stop until hunger compelled me to eat again. I was troubled with dizziness, was very nervous and my whole system was so run down that words cannot describe how I felt. I had four doctors, besides trying every medicine I ever heard of and spending hundreds of dollars without receiving any benefit. Just one month ago I began using Munyon's Dyspepsia Cure. I did not have much faith in it, but my friends who had been cured with his remedies urged me to try it. The first few doses improved me so much that I continued taking it, and am now thoroughly cured. I have a good appetite, can eat and digest any kind of food and am in excellent health. My friends are greatly surprised at the change in me, as they did not believe I would ever be a well man again. I owe it all to Munyon's Remedies."

Munyon's Homœopathic Remedy Company, of Philadelphia, put up a cure for every disease. No matter what the disease is or how many doctors have failed to cure you, ask your druggist for a 25 cent vial of one of Munyon's cures, and if you are not benefited your money will be refunded.

With Munyon's Remedies, every one can doctor themselves.

Sold by all druggists.

STREETS OF NEW ORLEANS.

Odd Names Which Represent a Good Deal of History.

"A good deal of out of the way history has been crystallized into the names of New Orleans streets," said the traveler. "He who runs may read in the odd nomenclature of the Crescent City that its residents are not chips of old Plymouth rock. There is poetry as well as history in the avenues which center on Canal street, but the poetry is of another clime and the history that of a strange people.

"I suppose that in New Orleans, as in other cities, the oldest streets are those named after trees and plants, but instead of running against the endless procession of Spruce, Mulberry, Cedar, Pine, Chestnut and Walnut streets you come upon such tropical streets as Magnolia, Laurel and Tchoupitoulas. You are reminded that the gulf waters are near and Mexico just out of reach.

"There is a brave array of the saints in the street directory. That English Presbyterians were not the early settlers seems pretty clear when you walk up St. Charles, St. Claude, St. Joseph, St. Peter or St. Andrew. 'Felicity' and 'Elysian fields' also indicate states of mind with which the Pilgrims were not overmuch in sympathy.

"New Orleans streets are not quite without ordinary American names. There are a few survivals, and in each case they have a sterling historical significance. Take Jackson, Camp, Magazine, Hospital, Custom House, Canal, Rampart, for instance, and these or four others tell a proud history use at a breath.

"There has always been a distinct and dainty literary life on the lower Mississippi. The school of creole writers, of which George W. Cable is the leading exponent, has had quite a vogue. Fiction and poetry of more than usual value appear in the editions of several of the New Orleans papers. I wonder whether the strong representation from the nine muses in the avenues of the city is part cause or sequence of this. Calliope, Euterpe, Clio and Melpomene seem like old friends when you see them bulletined on the corner lampposts, and you greet with real pleasure your old classic flames, the Dryades and that stanch bard of antiquity, Homer.

"Longfellow had something to say about the poetry of the Philadelphia streets where he lays the concluding scene of 'Evangeline.' But the mellow Acadian words which flow along his hexameters live again in names of New Orleans streets. Here is a short list which sounds as if taken from the directorial of Paris or Madrid: Carondelet, Esplanade, Chartres, Dauphine, Leontine, Baronne, Poydras, Perdido, Ursulines, Dupre, Constance, Conti, Bienville, Bourbon, Kerlerec, Prytania, Lapeyrouse, Valmont. Whatever else they may be, they are scarcely English."—New York Mail and Express.

Young Men and Church.

"The Young Man and the Church," by Edward W. Bok in The Cosmopolitan Magazine, attempts the following explanation of why young men of today generally shun religious services:

The modern pulpit is sluggish and stagnant. Old churchgoers have again and again confessed to me that Mr. —— was a little dry this evening, and the temptation to shut my eyes did come, I grant you. Now, this is why young men will not attend 99 out of every 100 religious services. They lack interest. I must not be misunderstood and have thrown at me the accusation that the young man of today is a paragon of wisdom, and that he thinks he knows it all. He is not a paragon of wisdom nor anything else. The assertion that he is too self assertive comes principally from those whom he, in the very nature of things which prefers young manhood to old age, pushes to the wall. He does not claim to be any better than was his father as a young man, but neither is he any worse. At the same time, while he differs only in the minor sense that each generation must necessarily differ from the preceding one, it is unjust to ask him to accept in 1895 the methods in vogue in 1825. With changing conditions come different demands, spiritual as well as material.

A Man of His Word.

"Hero! This horse is blind. Why did you tell me its sight was good?"

"I didn't. I said its sight was never better, and it's gospel truth. The beast was born blind."—New York Recorder.

Wouldn't a Salary Come Handy?—See advertisement of a "Chance to earn money," on this page, if you want a position.

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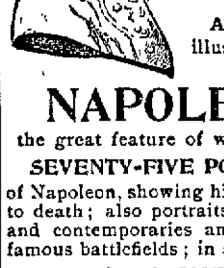

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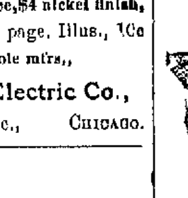

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Miscellaneous

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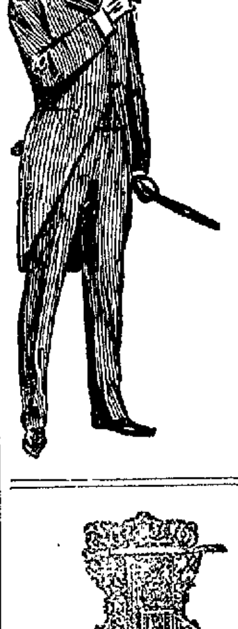

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A VILLANELLE.

This bunch of withered mignonette
My lady gave with goodbys tender
While April skies with tears were wet.

With what sweet mixture of regret
Did her fair hands that night surrender
This bunch of withered mignonette!

How proud she seemed the hour we met
To choose me as her knight defender
While April skies with tears were wet!

Ah, me! Can ever I forget
The hopes these dead leaves did engender—
This bunch of withered mignonette?

How soon for us that evening set
The half hid moon in watery splendor
While April skies with tears were wet.

Slow dragged a twelvemonth by, and yet
Each day but dearer seemed to render
This bunch of withered mignonette.

Alas, my hopes! The sad coquette
Now spurns me for a stripling slender
While April skies with tears are wet.

No more for her I'll moan and fret,
But straight tomorrow morn I'll send her,
While April skies with tears are wet,
This bunch of withered mignonette.
—St. George Best in Kate Field's Washington.

AT MY OWN HANGING.

The day before death! Yes, it had come. Ah, how long it seemed since I had heard the solemn words of the judge sentencing me to be "hanged by the neck until dead," since the hush fell over the crowded, stifling courtroom, and I had seen the worn, dejected expression on the pale face of my counsel as with bowed head he bent over the table strewn with the records of the evidence and legal authorities put forward in my defense.

It was evening, the dim jets were being lit by the turnkeys, and as I paced my cell I heard a voice calling to my night watch. He rose from his chair, leaned over the railing, received the message, and, turning, opened the cell door and beckoned me to come out.

"They are going to give you more comfortable quarters," he said gently, a sad expression in his eyes.

I accompanied him down the jail corridor to the lower floor.

Back of the jail clerk's office was a good sized room. A bed stood in one corner. There were also a table and some chairs. All looked bright and neat and clean. I threw myself, in my clothes, on the bed, flung my hands behind my head and thought—thought of my old home across the ocean, of my schoolboy and student days, of the ambitious spirit and wild desire for adventure that had brought me to America, of my checkered career since then, of meeting her for whose life I was about to pay the penalty with my own. The hours dragged along. My watch had urged me to take supper, but I had declined. The choicest dish I felt sure would have choked me.

A knock came to the door. My guard opened it. He stepped over to my couch and handed me a card with the name of a well known clergyman thereon. I rose to my feet and took a chair beside the table.

The good man entered. Tears were in his eyes. His hand was outstretched. I rose and grasped it.

"Allow me," he said, "to pray with you. You have refused all spiritual consolation. You will not be so obdurate now when you must soon stand before him who willeth not the death of the sinner."

I waved my hand negatively as I replied: "I appreciate your sympathy and therefore acceded to your request to see me; but, as for prayer, I will go into eternity with nothing to fear and nothing to hope."

His countenance fell, and he looked long and earnestly at me.

"Let me at least read a chapter of God's word to you?" he asked.

"I am content," I answered, with a weary sigh.

He read the third chapter of St. John's gospel, the story of Christ and Nicodemus. How often I had heard my father read it at family prayer in the old country! I closed my eyes and could fancy that I saw again my mother and brothers around the table, listening attentively to the old familiar lines.

When he had finished, he again sought to urge me to prayer, and it was only after I had cordially thanked him for his kindness and earnestly requested him to spare his exertions that he at length departed and I again laid me down. The night passed drearily on, my guard dozing from time to time in his chair. Once or twice I also fell into a troubled slumber, at one time dreaming that I was galloping over the green fields at home with my favorite hunter with the pack of foxhounds in full cry. Suddenly, as I was about to clear a double ditch, the form of my darling, in her blood stained nightrobe and with her hand uplifted, rose from behind the bank, and my horse, rising on his haunches in terror, fell over on me and I awoke. Again I dreamed that I stood upon the scaffold, and as the drop was about to fall an angel with my darling's face floated in through the window with a scroll on which was written the word "Innocent."

At 5 o'clock I rose, and my guard secured for me the best suit of clothing I possessed. I felt easier and firmer, now that my final hour was nigh. I was impatient for the attendance of the prison barber, who had not yet arrived, and at my urgent request he was sent for an hour before his habitual time. When he had performed his office, I looked at myself in the little mirror and felt a strange satisfaction at my appearance, like to that one feels when he is about to start for a church or a theater and knows that he is well groomed.

I sat down to wait. Then my new found strength seemed to yield, and my hands trembled involuntarily. I ordered a hearty breakfast. I determined not to become unnerved. By mental force I compelled myself to partake of it freely and drank several cups of tea that I had purposely ordered to be made as strong as possible. My guard suggested that he bring some brandy, the prison rules allowing it to men situated as I now was. I declined the offer, but accepted a cigar.

I heard a heavy footfall in the corridor without. My guard listened attentively and looked at his watch. The steps, which were followed by shuffling feet, passed my door, and I heard the key grate in the lock of the gate entering the women's department. It was but "one more unfortunate" in the iron clutch of the law.

I sat on smoking and listening. Yes, it was coming now. I heard several people approaching and speaking in hushed tones. My guard opened the door. The tall form of the sheriff stood on the threshold. His face was colorless and more the expression of one who gazes on the face of the dead. He did not speak. He seemed to take it for granted that I knew his mission too well. The head jailer and two turnkeys were with him. I bowed and left my chair. He bowed in return and removed his hat, as did the rest. Then he took from his breast pocket a paper. It was my death warrant. He read it in trembling tones and breathed a sigh of relief when it was ended.

The head jailer advanced. I noticed a white robe over his arm. As he laid the robe on the table a pair of handcuffs glistened in his hand.

Silently and sadly he approached me.

"Please place your hands behind your back," he said, with his eyes fixed on the floor.

I did so and felt the cold steel clasp my wrists. Then the white robe was placed around me, and he nodded to the sheriff, who preceded down the corridor, followed by the head jailer and myself, two turnkeys bringing up the rear.

At the entrance to the women's department stood the matron, her hand to her lips, her cheeks blanched, a frightened stare in her eyes. Without stood the jail clerk and his assistant. Both looked wistfully at me and murmured, "Goodby, my poor fellow!" as I passed. The turnkeys who admitted our weird procession to the jail proper, and with many of whom, as with the jail clerks, I had become well acquainted during my long imprisonment, bade me a sad farewell.

On through the silent corridors, with their rows of deserted cells, from which the prisoners had been purposely removed, we marched silently and solemnly. All the surroundings were so familiar to me—the iron bars, the stained and timeworn walls, the damp and slippery railing. I could not realize that I was seeing them for the last time. I heard the mew of the jail cat, who had become a great pet of mine and who used to come regularly to my cell for its saucer of milk. I thought to myself that she must be hungry. I should feed her when I returned. Ah, when I returned! Then the full truth flashed upon me—when I returned I would be a corpse.

As we turned a corner the engine of death rose in full view before my eyes. I momentarily glanced up at it, and, such is the notice we take of trifles at such times, I perceived that one of the nails fastening the crossbeam was loose and wondered that the carpenter had been so careless. Possibly he had been nervous, I thought. Then I looked before me as I stepped on the wooden platform. There, row after row, sat those whose curiosity and influence had secured for them the privilege of seeing a fellow man in his last and supreme agony. None of the faces seemed familiar to me, but their united gaze disturbed me, and I fixed my gaze upon the farther wall as I advanced. As I did so I felt the boards shake beneath me, and I knew that I was standing on the drop. The jailer's hand staid my further progress, while he whispered, "Do you wish to say anything?"

I looked down on the pale, eager, expectant faces of the assemblage below, and summoning my nervous strength together said in a loud, clear voice:

"I am about to die, but with this, my last breath, I assure you and all my fellow citizens that I am innocent of the crime charged against me!"

I wished to say more, but could not, and turning my head toward the jailer, who was waiting, I murmured "Proceed." I felt him binding my knees and ankles, and then I felt a white muslin cap drawn over my eyes. Through its folds I could distinguish the opposite window by the strong light that percolated through from that direction. Then the dry, hard surface of the rope clasped me round the neck, while a pressure behind told me where the knot was placed. I moved my head slightly, as some stray threads of the noose tickled my lately shaven throat. I said hoarsely to the jailer: "The noose is too loose. For the sake of our common humanity do not have me strangled!" I dreaded strangulation worse than death. His fingers pressed against me a second as he examined it. I then heard him take two steps and knew by the rebound of the drop as it was relieved of its weight that I stood there alone. I set my teeth, pressed my lips together and closed my eyes. In the next breath I found myself falling. Then came a jerk that seemed to force my tongue from my mouth, my eyeballs from their sockets, and my blood from every pore in my face. The agony! Oh, the agony! I knew in that dread moment that the noose had slipped, for the knot was pressing against the back of my head with a force that I expected every instant would cause it to break through the skull. Yes, the worst had come. I was to strangle! My lungs struggled and beat against my chest. The base of my tongue seemed like an iron wall stopping up my throat. My neck quivered as if at any moment the rope would cut it in twain, and fervently I wished that it might. The roaring of the blood vessels in my ears sounded as if a hundred cannon were being discharged at every second, and throughout my body knives appeared to be tearing the flesh from the bones. Then came a cry; it was the cry of human voices that rose higher even than the roaring in my ears. I felt myself falling again. Then there was a terrific crash, and the blackness of night followed.

* * * * * * *

When I recovered, five doctors were bending over me with anxious but determined faces. I heard the ticking of an electric battery. I saw my swollen and distorted features in a tiny mirror that a young physician was holding near my lips to satisfy himself that I breathed, and which he removed with a triumphant cry on my opening my eyes.

Then the big sheriff leaned over me as gently as a mother would lean over her newborn babe as he said:

"Thank God, my poor fellow, you are saved! The man who killed her for whose murder you were sentenced was captured for another crime in Arkansas an hour ago and has confessed to this, giving substantial proofs. He is dying from wounds he received in resisting arrest and wished to make a clean breast of everything. The telegram from our governor reprieving you reached the jail just as the drop fell. A bailiff rushed to me shouting its contents as he ran. We cut the rope with a single blow of a hatchet. Your right arm and collar bone are broken from the fall, but, heaven be praised, your neck is still intact!"
—Vere V. Hunt in Chicago Times.

"BOOTS BY THE QUART."

A Series of Remarkable Signs That Created Great Astonishment.

In South street, New York, there is an Italian who runs a Yankee notion stand. He speaks English after a fashion, but cannot read a word of it. This fact has made him an easy prey for a heartless joker.

His stock of goods includes almost everything from peanuts and chewing gum to suspenders and waterproof jumpers. Until recently he had displayed no placards, giving the prices of his wares, but the other day a man offered to paint all the signs that the Italian needed free of charge. The offer was joyfully accepted. The signs were painted and placed in position. Crowds were attracted to the spot, and visions of sudden wealth danced before the Italian's eyes. Here are some of the inscriptions painted by the mountebank:

"Cape Ann Boots! Only 50 cents a quart."

"Chewing Gum! All kinds, only 2 cents a yard."

They were prominently displayed near the top of the stand, but they were eclipsed by these a little lower down:

"Peanuts, raw or roasted, $2 a pint. Must be eaten here."

"Suspenders baked, fried or boiled, with edible buckles, 20 cents a plate."

The placard that won the most admiration and of which the innocent merchant was particularly proud was an oblong affair in gorgeous colors. It read:

Gold plated brushes	5 cents
Diamond studs	2 cents
Collar buttons	$10 each
All pocketknives	free

A few minutes after the signs had been put into place an old sailor was trying to buy two quarts of Cape Ann boots for $1, and the Italian was getting black in the face trying to make him understand that the boots were "Four dol' a pair." Many similar scenes were witnessed. Finally a sympathetic friend exposed the fraud to the victim, and the pasteboards were removed.—New York Recorder.

A Married Man's Rights.

"I say," said a friend the other day, "you are an old hand at it. I have only just got married and don't understand much about the business. I should like to know whether a married man has any rights left when he takes unto himself a wife."

"Rights? Yes, lots. He has a right to pay all the bills"——

"Stop! I mean this. Let me give you an instance. Every box, every chest of drawers and portmanteau, and, in fact, every available receptacle of every description is stuffed full of my wife's property, and when I want to put away a few cuffs and collars"——

"Hold hard. I know what you mean. Listen, young man. If your bedroom were 200 yards long, lined from the floor to the ceiling with shelves, and you wanted a place to stow away a couple of shirts, you couldn't find a nook that wasn't full of hairpins, old false fronts, scent bottles, odd gloves, powder puffs, little bits of tape, so just accept the inevitable. Wrap your personal property in an old newspaper parcel and hide it under the bed."

He grinned ironically, but passed on, a sadder and a wiser man.—New York Advertiser.

Will Blot.

There is no doubt but that if the paper makers persevere they will succeed in evolving a blotting paper which will be utterly impervious to ink.—Rockland Tribune.

PUNISHING CHILDREN.

How It Should and How It Should Not Be Performed.

The abuse of punishment is more dangerous than the greatest indulgence. At the present day we have outgrown the harsh methods of the past. Corporal punishment is almost entirely excluded from our schools. The hurt occasioned by corporal punishment is not to the body, but to the mind. It is, after all, the mind that is struck.

But this is not all. In appealing to the mind we treat the child as a rational creature. This is a claim of the child that we cannot ignore. Corporal punishment is one sided. Besides corporal punishment, as Herbert Spencer has shown, is associated with man in the childhood of the world. It is the savage, who has not patience to reason or explain, who strikes. Corporal punishment can seldom be administered without passion. When we show excitement, we give signs of weakness. Then the boy or girl becomes conscious of a power over us. This is a temptation to youth.

The danger of corporal punishment, therefore, is that we can seldom administer it without losing our head. On the other hand, we cannot appeal to the reason without becoming more reasonable.

Besides corporal punishment there are other punishments that are not justifiable. To shut up a child in a dark room is to spur its imagination into wild fancies. Darkness is a bad companion. It will contract and terrify the child. Denying children the necessary amount of sleep or food, exposing them to the inclemency of the weather, withholding from them for too long a time the tokens of affection, treating them as strangers, or as enemies, or ignoring them altogether—these are measures that do more harm than good.

Punishment should be of such a nature that, if necessary, the parents may share it with the children. The child must know that it cannot suffer alone physically, much less morally. Its suffering brings suffering to others. This is the lesson that will develop the social element in the child.

In the second place, we must correct the faults of the child by its virtues—that is to say, the strong qualities of the mind must spur the weak faculties into play. If a child be physically strong, but morally weak, let the parent hold up to view the two sides of its nature until the physically strong child shall be ashamed of its moral cowardice.—Journal of Ethics.

SHE WAS A NEWCOMER.

And She Didn't Know That It Wouldn't Do to Say "Women."

She was a newcomer to that little middle class clique. Her husband was of their set, but he had married her in a distant city, and there were rumors that she had been an actress or something else disgraceful. The other ladies in the progressive euchre club couldn't understand her ways, and even their husbands were suspicious that she had not always moved in society so exalted. Finally she was caught red handed, so to speak, and thereafter was ostracized by these smug Philistines. I tell the story of her downfall as it was told to me by Captain Adoniram Perkins, whose house is filled with red plush furniture and $6 etchings, and who is therefore generally respected on —— street:

"I always thought she was a low bred thing, but we had no proof until the last meeting of the club. Then she forgot herself and spoke of the other ladies present as 'women.' My wife wanted to take it up as an insult, but I pitied the poor thing, and so we concluded not to invite her or her husband to any more of our doings. It's rough on her husband, of course, but maybe it serves him right for marrying a woman without any refinement. What's that? 'Lady' has been worked to death, and 'woman' is better form nowadays! Oh, go on! You're kiddin. Nobody but a female who goes out washing by the day is a woman. Why, our hired girl would quit if we didn't speak of her as a lady.'"
—Buffalo Express.

Curiosities of Literary Worship.

The most extravagant instance of literary relic worship on record is said to be that of a well known Englishman, who constantly wears, in a small locket attached to a chain around the neck, a portion of the charred skull of Shelley.

Of late years a great many persons have visited the former residence of the late Victor Hugo to see a tooth of that celebrity which is kept in a small glass case with this inscription: "Tooth drawn from the jaw of Victor Hugo by the dentist on Wednesday, Aug 11, 1871, at Viandon, in the gardens attached to the house of Mme. Koch, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon."

In the year 1816 a tooth of the famous Sir Isaac Newton was sold at auction by a relic monger of London and was purchased by an English nobleman for a sum equal to $3,650 in United States currency. The buyer had a costly diamond removed from a favorite ring and the tooth set in its place.

The wig that Sterne wore while writing "Tristram Shandy" was sold at public auction soon after the great writer's death for the sum of £2,000, and the favorite chair of Alexander Pope brought £1,000 at a sale in 1822.—St Louis Republic.

A JOLLY SORT OF FARM.

Vegetables Growing at One Hand, the Products of the Sea at the Other.

"Once some years ago," said Superintendent H. T. Woodman of the city's aquarium at Castle Garden, "I went up the west coast of Florida in a sailboat on a collecting tour for shells and so on. On the north shore of Tampa bay we saw a little white house—very white indeed it was—a whiteness, as we afterward learned, that was due to whitewash made of lime from shells that the owner had burned himself. We went ashore there and were most hospitably received and invited to stay. We couldn't do that, but we were in the neighborhood for a day or two, and we ate two or three meals at his house, and subsequently I called upon him once or twice and was received in the same hospitable manner.

"No doubt there are other gardens like his, but his is the only one of the sort I ever saw—a kind of land and water garden combined. His land garden, which was about half an acre or so, was 50 or perhaps 100 feet back from the shore. He had in this garden cabbages and beans and potatoes and lettuce and garden stuff generally. His water garden was composed of three patches, each about 50 feet square, side by side and under water, close to the shore and each inclosed in a palmetto crib, which was, however, only one log high, for that was all that was needed. He could go out in a skiff at any time and catch anything that there was in any of the cribs.

"In the first patch of the water garden he kept hard clams, and he had plenty of them. The second patch he had fixed up for oysters. He had thrown in shells for the oysters to spawn on, and he had an abundant supply of oysters. The third crib he had fixed up for crustacea. He had thrown in some old stumps here and shoved in under the crib some slabs or planks that had drifted ashore to make a shelter for crawfish, which like to back in under things, as the lobster does. He had in this crib crawfish and crabs. Of course these could easily have crawled over the single log of the crib if they had wanted to, but they didn't want to. They preferred the shelters in this crib to the sandy beaches outside. In fact, the crib was an attraction to any stray crawfish or crab that might come that way. You see, he had only to step out of his house on one side for his vegetables and on the other for his sea food. He gave us oysters steamed in a big iron pot over a fire in the yard and the pick of both his gardens, land and marine, and certainly we couldn't have had anything fresher or more delightful."—New York Sun.

Grown Cold.

Wife—Oh, George, I fear your love has grown cold.

Husband—Well, if it has, it is only because it is trying to match the steak and coffee you give me every morning.—Detroit Free Press.

MAKE SMALL LOANS.

MEN WHO ADVANCE MONEY TO WAGEWORKERS AT HIGH RATES.

Printers, Telegraph Operators and Even Bank Clerks Pay Interest For Advances Made by Associates Who Are Not So Thriftless—How Some Men Get Rich.

Winter is the busy season of the pawnbrokers and other money loaners on personal property. The man who has been a student in the summer schools of improvidence goes to his uncle at the sign of the three balls or elsewhere and recites his lessons.

The pawnbrokers probably do the most of this class of business, but there are others who do a very large proportion of it. Every large printing office in the city, for instance, has at least one man in it who will accommodate his fellows for a good per cent with the printer's "string" as security. The printer gives the money loaner the proof slips of the type he has set pasted in one long "string," and the man of means shaves it, just as a banker shaves a note, only more so. He cuts so deep, in fact, that the unfortunate who resorts to him once is often forced to keep on going to him. He loses so much of what he has earned after a few contacts with his friend of the dollar that he finds it an increasingly difficult task to catch up and start even with the world again.

For this and the natural antipathy between man and the money loaner the uncle of the printing office is seldom as popular as his general personal attractions might otherwise entitle him to be. The money loaner is not looked upon as is the doctor, who profits by our carelessness and imprudence of another sort, nor as the lawyer is, who grows fat on our unbrotherly quarrels and disputes. There is a feeling that not the money loaner's knowledge or skill is earning anything, but his insensate dollars. Then there is a tacit confession of weakness in going to him at all. His prosperity is a standing proof of our follies.

It is therefore considered rather creditable than otherwise to circumvent and cheat him. Sometimes this is done by inserting a "cold dupe" in the string—that is to say, the printer puts in a proof of matter he didn't set along with proofs of matter which is rightfully his—but by the time the pay day arrives and the banker comes to cash the string the printer has left town thereby, as did the austere individual in the Scriptures, reaping where he has not sown.

If the money loaner is not a printer, but does business outside the office as a money loaner pure and simple, he is completely beyond the pale, and, according to the unwritten code, it is lawful to trip up and discomfit him by any style of gin or pitfall which ingenuity can devise. For example, a printer who is well known in all the Chicago offices went to a Shylock and offered to place money among the printers on the security of their strings and promised a per centum which might have tempted even less willing dollars out of their strong boxes. He secured $300, which he promptly lost on the races. He went back, frankly confessed and induced the Shylock to try him again. To prevent the possibility of another misadventure he would bring the borrowers to the loan office and would personally vouch for their standing.

Yet the losses are few and small compared with the gains of this amateur banking business. A man who is in the business any length of time soon learns the curves of the men with whom he has to deal. One man who has been loaning money to his fellow printers in Chicago for 20 years owns several houses on the North Side and has other real estate. He is said to be worth $100,000.

Whenever men come together in great bodies, there arise among them a few shrewd individuals who profit by the thriftlessness of their fellows. In every large telegraph office there is at least one man out of the general mass of improvidents who has money when the rest have none, and for a consideration this money rushes to fill the vacuum in the pockets of the needy. The practice is frowned down theoretically, but in reality the superintendent or the foreman, as the case may be, doesn't know one man from another when it comes to cashing vouchers.

Among the printers, the operators and in large factories some one of the employees accommodates the rest, but among railroad and lake men this perquisite falls to the boarding house boss. The boarding house is the only place in which the men ever assemble where money loaning could be practiced. The disburser for the corporation by whom the men are employed is supposed to pay money only to the man who has earned it or to his wife upon his written order, but if an order in the hands of his boarding house keeper is accompanied by a written statement that he is sick the voucher will be paid. Neither will the railroad's functionary pursue the subject with superfluous questions if the boarding house boss will make it to his interest not to do so. And where is the boarding house keeper, male or female, who is not a diplomatist?

One might suppose that if any class of young men could grasp the important idea of the true value of money it would be the bank clerks. It might be inferred that, being familiar with the strict business methods of these great financial machines and being held to the strictest account in the handling of other men's money, the clerk would be careful of his own. But he is not. Probably no other class of young men are so familiar with the science of money culture or could give you so many valuable ideas as to the farming out of funds. Yet, with money as with other things, familiarity seems to breed contempt. Unless he has a natural turn for it the bank clerk will be no better conservator of his own resources than, say, the dry goods clerk down the street. Money loaners, like poets, are born and not made. As a result, among the bank clerks there is an aspiring young soul here and there who prospers steadily on the adversities of his companions. One of them is known in every bank in town for his intellectual gifts in this direction. He never loans money at a usurious rate, but he gets the highest legal per cent, and, just as other bankers do, holds it out at the time the loan is made.—Chicago Tribune.

A Mean Fellow.

"There goes a big brute of a man," said one of the saleswomen in the house furnishing department to her friend in the crockery counter. "What did he do?" asked the crockery girl as she took a look at the departing figure of the male customer. "Do? Why, he asked me to show him the largest coal scuttle we had, and when I showed it to him he said he wanted a bigger one. But he took it. He said he wanted it for a present for his wife, and he wanted it big, so she would not have to go down to the cellar so often." The girl at the crockery counter agreed with her friend that a man who would make his wife a present of a coal scuttle was a "brute."—Newark Call.

His Preference.

Young Clerk—Do you like to stand in front of the store and see the crowds go by?

Old Merchant—No, but I like to stand in the back of the store and see the crowds come buy.—Buffalo Commercial.

Fish We Have Learned to Eat.

It is hard for the younger people to believe that so good a fish as the halibut was considered unfit for eating not very many years ago, yet many old fishermen yet live who remember when it was first offered in the market, selling then at 4 or 6 cents a pound. It was many years since that that the swordfish first found its way to the frying pan and the table, and a Rockland fisherman recalls the time when haddock were about as highly esteemed as sculpins are now.—Lewiston Journal.

He Did.

"See here, Midgely, when do you propose to pay that bill?"

"Confound it, I proposed last night in order to pay all my bills, but she wouldn't have me."—New York Recorder.

Miscellaneous

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Without injurious medication.

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Stable Case, with Specifics, Manual, Veterinary Cure Oil and Medicator,	$7.00
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In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for
Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,
and Prostration, from over-work or other causes.
$1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5.
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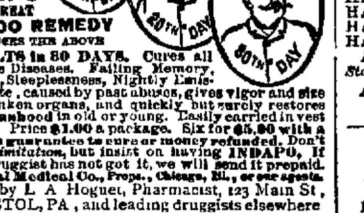

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Watchmaker & Jeweler,

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Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silverware,

Spectacles & Eyeglasses,

Black Enamel, Walnut and Oak Clocks.

☞ Particular attention given to Repairing Fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. All work done at home and warranted to give satisfaction.

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.

Bristol, Pa., Jan. 8th, 1894.

AT AN ELECTION HELD THIS DAY THE following Stockholders were elected Directors of this Bank:

Edward Thomas, Louis A. Hoguet,
Elwood Burton, J. P. Agnew, M. D.,
John Burton, Benj. J. Taylor,
George A. Shoemaker, Harvey H. Gillam,
Edward Swain.

And at a meeting of the Directors subsequently held, BENJAMIN J. TAYLOR was unanimously re-elected President.
1-10-4t CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

You can't tell the quality of a pump by the way it's painted—you can tell by the way it's marked. If the stencil says it's

THE BLATCHLEY PUMP

it's a positive sign of perfection—in material, in construction, in every detail. If you want the best pump, and of course you do, you must get a BLATCHLEY. See the dealer about it.

C. G. BLATCHLEY, Manfr,
25 N. Juniper Street, Philada., Pa.
Opposite Broad St. Station, P. R. R.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

ARE YOU CONSUMPTIVE
Use Parker's Ginger Tonic. It cures the worst Cough, Weak Lungs, Debility, Indigestion, Pain, Take in time. 50 cts.
HINDERCORNS. The only sure cure for Corns. Stops all pain. 15c. at Druggists, or HISCOX & CO., N. Y.

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

BOILING WATER OR MILK.

LIVE AGENT WANTED Agent wanted for new book. Splendid seller. Rare opportunity for any active man or lady. $75 per month easily earned. No experience required, as we give full instructions. We pay express and allow 30 days credit. Let us tell you about it. P. W. Ziegler & Co., Box 1876, Philadelphia, Pa.

Harper's Magazine. IN 1895.

The Simpletons, a new novel by THOMAS HARDY, will be begun in the December Number, 1894, and continued to November, 1895. Whoever may be one's favorite among English novelists, it will be conceded by all critics that Thomas Hardy stands foremost as a master artist in fiction, and The Simpletons may be expected to arouse enthusiasm not inferior in degree to that which has marked Trilby—the most successful story of the year. Another leading feature will be the Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc, by the Sieur Louis de Conte, Her Page and Secretary, under which guise the most popular of living American magazine writers will present the story of the Maid of Orleans. In the January Number will appear a profusely illustrated paper on Charleston and the Carolinas, the first of a series of Southern Papers.

Northern Africa is attracting more attention than at any other time since it was the seat of empires. The next volume of HARPER'S MAGAZINE will contain four illustrated articles on this region, and three of them will depict the present life there. Julian Ralph will prepare for the MAGAZINE a series of eight stories, depicting typical phases of Chinese Life and Manners. Besides the long stories, there will begin in the January Number the first chapters of A Three-Part Novelette, by Richard Harding Davis—the longest work yet attempted by this writer. Complete short stories by popular writers will continue to be a feature of the MAGAZINE.

Send for Illustrated Prospectus.

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE begin with the Numbers for June and December of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at the time of receipt of order. Cloth Cases, for binding, 50 cents each—by mail, post-paid. Title-page and Index sent on application.

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P. O. Box 959, N. Y. City.

Harper's Bazar. IN 1895.

Elegant and exclusive designs for Out-door and In-door Toilettes, drawn from Worth models by Sandoz and Chapuis, are an important feature. These appear every week, accompanied by minute descriptions and details. Our Paris Letter, by Katharine de Forest, is a weekly transcript of the latest styles and caprices in the mode. Under the head of New York Fashions, plain directions and full particulars are given to shapes, fabrics, trimmings and accessories of the costumes of well-dressed women. Children's Clothing receives practical attention. A fortnightly Pattern Sheet Supplement enables readers to cut and make their own gowns. The woman who takes HARPER'S BAZAR is prepared for every occasion in life, ceremonious or informal, where beautiful dress is requisite.

An American Serial, Doctor Warrick's Daughters, by Rebecca Harding Davis, a strong novel of American life, partly in Pennsylvania and partly in the far South, will occupy the last half of the year.

My Lady Nobody, an intensely exciting novel, by Maarten Maartens, author of "God's Fool," "The Greater Glory," etc., will begin the year.

Essays and Social Chats. To this department Spectator will contribute her charming papers on "What We are Doing" in New York society.

Answers to Correspondents. Questions receive the personal attention of the editor, and are answered at the earliest possible date after their receipt.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS.

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Harper's Weekly. IN 1895.

HARPER'S WEEKLY is a pictorial history of the times. It presents every important event promptly, accurately and exhaustively in illustration and descriptive text of the highest order. The manner in which, during 1894, it has treated the Chicago Railway Strike and the Chino-Japanese War, and the amount of light it was able to throw on Korea the instant attention was directed to that little-known country, are examples of its almost boundless resources. Julian Ralph, the distinguished writer and correspondent, has been sent to the seat of war, and there joined by C. D. Weldon, the well known American artist, now for many years resident in Japan, who has been engaged to co-operate with Mr. Ralph in sending to HARPER'S WEEKLY exclusive information and illustration.

During 1895 every vital question will be discussed with vigor and without prejudice in the editorial columns, and also in special articles by the highest authorities in each department. Portraits of the men and women who are making history, and powerful and caustic political cartoons, will continue to be characteristic features. This Busy World, with its keen and kindly comment on the lesser doings of the day, will remain a regular department.

Fiction. There will be two powerful serials, both handsomely illustrated—The Red Cockade, a stirring romance of olden days by Stanly J. Weyman, and a novel of New York, entitled The Son of His Father, by Brander Matthews—several novelettes, and many short stories by popular writers.

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Misqellaneous

W. E. Doron,

Corner of Radcliffe and Market Streets,
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Best Lehigh

COAL

In the Market.

Lumber

By car load, at Wholesale Prices.

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WHOLESALE & RETAIL

Pioneer Drug Store!

Nos. 13 & 15 Mill (Main) Street, Bristol Pa.

The Oldest and Largest in Bucks County. (ESTABLISHED IN 1814.) By the present proprietor. A large stock of first class

Drugs, Medicines Chemicals, Toilet Articles, Soaps, Brushes, Perfumery, Patent Medicines, Sponges, Chamois Skins, Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs, Diamond Dyes, &c

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Druggist and Pharmacist

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Fruits and Vegetables in Season.

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The DORRANCE STREET GROCER.

Upholstering and Repairing

OF FURNITURE of all kinds.

CARPETS beaten, sewed and laid. Window Shades, Awnings, Slip Covers. Mattresses made over—hair thoroughly picked, feathers renovated by steam.

Chairs Re-Caned.

Orders from the surrounding country will receive my personal attention.

Chas. H. Ancker,

Mill Street, next to Post-office
BRISTOL, PA.

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There's more in it than you think of at first. A little nagging pain and pretty soon your nerves are on edge—then you're cross. Shoes that fit wear better than those that don't fit. They feel better, look better and cost no more. It costs no more to make a shoe right than wrong. A little care needed—that's all.

At the New Shoe Store on Dorrance Street, recently opened by GEORGE W. BOOTH, the right kind of Shoes, warranted to fit, can be found at reasonable prices. Repairing promptly done.

All shoes that I sell I warrant, and if the rip they will be sewed without cost to the buyer. Misses and Children's Russet Shoes a specialty.

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Robert Clark,

Upholsterer and Cabinet Maker,

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☞ Orders left at the Telephone office will be attended to promptly.

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A first-class calf-skin Gaiter my own make. Also a full line of John Mundell's Solar Tipped Children's Shoes.

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And other brands of superior, Cut Tobaccos on hand in large quantities.

"THE ORIGINAL BRISTOL BOY." The leading straight 5 cent cigar in the market.

"THE CAPTAIN." The same price and equally good in quality.

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